THE COMMONWEAL

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CATHOLIC ACTION INTENSIFIED

IT MAY well be that the year 1932, now drawing near its close, will be recognized by historians of the future as the turning point, in time, of the world crisis. For, during this year, most of the great problems which face humanity came to the front of the world arena in a positive fashion which imperatively presented their claims for attention, while the aggregate effect of all such problems tended more and more to impress upon mankind the belief that fundamentally all the separate problems were inter-connected—were parts of a single problem, and that few of the minor problems, if any, could be satisfactorily settled until or unless the central problem should be faced and correctly solved. Among the many world problems that became more clearly defined in 1932, the economic depression, of course, seemed predominant. While employment increased somewhat in the United States, the improvement was largely caused by seasonal factors which could not greatly change the general situation. The perilous and perplexing problem of the war debts came to a point which at last compelled the attention which should have been directed upon them long ago. The menace which Manchuria spells for the peace of the world darkened and deepened as Japan confronted the Lytton committee at Geneva. The people of the United States overwhelmingly repudiated the policies and the leaders of the Republican party, and with hardly less unanimity refused to line up in large numbers with either the constitutional form of Socialism proposed by Norman Thomas, or the revolutionary form of Socialism called Communism. In Germany, the confusion of parties cleared up to some extent in the strengthening of the control of the Prussian junkers, but at the cost of the discomfiture, if not the total defeat, of the democratic forces. South America seethed continually with revolutions. Mexico and Spain accelerated the pace and increased the severity of their attacks upon the Catholic Church. And at the center of the whole vast complex of problems, Russia, the enigma of enigmas, celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of Bolshevism with an imposing display of armed force, and tightened the grip of its servile state upon the people.

To the question of what constitutes the underlying, fundamental problem which is the key to all the other problems, there are, of course, many answers, yet only one answer is possible when that question is laid before the Catholic Church. It is the answer given two thou-

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sand years ago by the Founder of the Church. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." It is, in the words of the philosophers of the Church, "the primacy of the spiritual." Man is the creature of God. Man in rebellion—as most of mankind seems to be today—against man's maker and ruler cannot help but make a mistake when he attempts to solve his problems without reference to and guidance by the spiritual and moral laws of God. There is, therefore, no one of the great problems of the world which is not essentially a religious problem. Economics is not and cannot be divorced from religion, save at the cost of misery for mankind. International peace cannot possibly be attained save through obedience to the spiritual and moral principles and laws laid down by God Himself.

For Catholics, anyhow, these beliefs are immutable. In every way not inconsistent with such a creed, the Church as an organism throughout the world is willing to coöperate with those not recognizing her authority in all reasonable, or even in all desperate, efforts to solve this or that particular problem. So, too, of the Church in any particular nation. So, too, of groups of Catholics, or of Catholics as individuals. Yet there remains as the principal task of Catholic leaders, both clerical and lay, the duty, the responsibility, and the imperative need to bring to the attention of the whole world the true terms of the central problem. The world may or may not heed, learn and apply the truth which it is the mission of the Church to teach: but nevertheless the work of the Church must continue, unaffected by success or failure.

In the light of this understanding of its mission, it is comforting to all Catholics to witness the increasing scope and depth of Catholic Action. The last days of the fateful year of 1932—which mark, as well, the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, with Advent—have been marked with a series of notable manifestations. The hierarchy of the Church met in Washington, in the annual gathering of the leaders of the whole army of Catholic Action, where reports from all the fronts and sectors of the country-wide campaign were considered and acted upon, and plans adopted for the work of the coming year. From Washington also, from the Catholic University, came the notable radio appeal for the strengthening of the resources of that center of higher education, so that the power of Christian culture shall not be impaired even in the midst of the depression. The radio was also employed in a unique manner, when from New York a "radio mass meeting" was addressed by Bishop Dunn, and the Honorable Alfred J. Tally, and Father Parsons, S.J., the editor of *America*, on the burning subject of the persecution of the Church in Mexico. We call it "a burning question," because of its grave importance; yet the general public is hardly more indifferent to it than the Catholic public seemed to be prior to this radio mass meeting. Probably the lesson of this fact may now be grasped. It is something vital to all forms of Catholic Action, namely, that not until Catholics themselves are sincerely interested in, and well informed upon, the principles and applications of their religion can they expect the world to listen or to heed.

In Pittsburgh, the National Conference of Catholic Men met to consider the problems facing them, and to voice their convictions on the general problems of the day. The National Catholic Industrial Conference was held at Providence, Rhode Island. The National Catholic Alumni Federation held meetings simultaneously in New York City, Notre Dame, Indiana, and Oakland, California, giving special emphasis to discussions of economics based on the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. These meetings received much publicity in the secular press. It may be said, therefore, in view of these facts, and many more of the same type that might be brought forward, that a hopeful and vigorous spirit is animating the ranks of those already enrolled in Catholic Action. It should be the great task of the year ahead, when the issues made clear in 1932 must be faced even more closely, to maintain that spirit—and to multiply by many times the number of those dedicated to the crusade of Catholic Action.

WEEK BY WEEK

Putting Heads Together

MR. ROOSEVELT has agreed to join Mr. Hoover in a discussion of the war debt problem from the executive point of view. This means first that the spirit of the electorate has been properly interpreted as being a demand for a new political orientation, and second that the war debt question is exceedingly difficult and important. We believe (as we have several times said) in curtailing to the bone indebtedness which grew out of the war. This is the only place at which the financial misery under which the world is staggering can be successfully attacked, since a creditor nation which does not want goods must readjust loans based, as the war debts were, upon an exchange of goods. There is no other way out of the existing economic labyrinth and the sooner we take it the better for all concerned. But as a nation we Americans have a right to expect decent coöperation. The former Allies must concede our right to consider in individual instances the capacity to pay. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the United States should get nothing from France, simply because that country can no longer collect from a well-nigh bankrupt Germany. The same thing is probably true of Britain and several other powers. Yet the right to obtain something from France does not mean the right to everything. The values at stake—which are nothing short of equivalent to the bases upon which sound recovery is possible—are so very important that any really serious threat to the stability of the French would be calamitous. We are optimistic enough to believe that the American people will deal intelligently, through their government, with this momentous issue.

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MEANWHILE everybody has been grasping the point that American public opinion is wondering why nations who can't pay debts manage to spend huge sums of money for armament. The normal European opinion is that Yankees are suffering from a "complex" on the matter of gunpowder, the economic effects of which in times of peace does not seem very disastrous abroad. But just now there is a depression and a good deal of talk about debts, so that the persistence of Mr. Davis and his brethren back home is trying and annoying. What can be done? On the seventeenth instant two interesting things occurred. First, the resignation of the Von Papen Cabinet was accepted, thus making it possible for the German government to go back to Geneva without taking the dot off the "i" in the late stout demand for equality. Second, Sir John Simon, adroit and masterly as usual, brought the conference round to the point where it was pretty generally conceded that "equality" was the question before the house. And since Mr. Davis again appended a note to the effect that disarmament was a necessary prelude to discovery, it is only a man who will see the world through a glass darkly who can refuse to believe that a German delegation will proceed soon to beautiful Switzerland, there to join in the pleasant business of drafting a new resolution. Nor would we be cynical. Step by step, world society is expressing its earnest desire for peace.

Chucking Gunpowder

ORDINARY citizens should read, for their edification and instruction, the address recently delivered in New York by Francis H. Sisson, president of the American Institute of Banking. If anybody ought to know the ins and outs of our money, it is Mr. Sisson. He may be defined as one who always looks at the bright side of things. Thus, though the wholesale failure of banking to meet the severe tests of the past few years was a "painful and regrettable process," the storm has "made the country's banking structure stronger than any of the sweeping plans for legislative reform could have done." Some of the 10,000 institutions—one-third of the total—which have been eliminated were pretty fair, but many of the defunct "should not have received charters." All this the humdrum American has now found out. It has been expensive, but he may rejoice in the knowledge gained. If one now asks why the charters were granted, or why the 10,000 might have become 20,000 if the government had not rushed to the scene of disaster with billions of the taxpayers' money, or whether the "sweeping legislative reforms" might not have been cheap after all, one finds that Mr. Sisson has moved over into those pleasant realms where the gold standard lives in lone and regal splendor. We should like to remark that if the citizenry does not now make an effort to find out these several "whys," and incidentally fails to take advantage of the learning gathered by the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, Seventy-second Congress, it is a bigger aggregation of fools than we think. But maybe Mr. Sisson's estimate of it is right, after all.

Quite Unfortunate

FOR A journalist to rush in where experts for years have trod is apt to be dangerous. A case at hand is the situation at present with regard to the projected St. Lawrence seaway to the Great Lakes. Experts have been laboring on this enterprise for some time and have dumped huge piles of statistics at various depots. There has been talk that actual building operations might start in the near future. But recently before the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee in Washington, new experts have come trumpeting and have suggested a picture of strife and desolation if building is started. Their consensus is that the project is economically unsound now, because there would be generations before it would be self-sustaining and capital-amortizing. It would therefore entail an immediate tax burden on the American citizen when he is already bowed down to the ground with such burdens. This seems to us a pretty compelling argument even with or without benefit of experts. Individuals argued that the project would cripple our railroads which are already suffering from lack of business, pauperizing investors and throwing men out of work who are at present employed; others asserted that the cheaper rates it offered to grain farmers of the Northwest for the exportation of their grains was a myth, because the existing lake-type of transports with existing elevator systems are more efficient than ocean-going vessels on the long inland trip. The facts that the St. Lawrence is frozen over and unavailable to navigation for several months of the year and that it is a stream which is controlled by a foreign power which is a direct rival of the United States for the grain trade of the world, are further fundamentals which would seem to need no experts for their construing. Here certainly is a case where we are losing nothing by delay.

The St. Lawrence Seaway

DURING the past week, educators in number have gathered under the auspices of New York University to discuss what attitude of mind should govern higher institutions of learning during the existing crisis. Many points of view were advanced, some of them interesting and challenging, others based on sober philosophic thought. President Nicholas Murray Butler, true to his ideals, made a plea for the genuinely liberal mind. Mr. Alfred Noyes, arrived from problem-tossed Britain, spoke for a "synthesis, or ingathering and integration, of the various forms of specialized knowledge into a unified whole." Like the President-elect, he would refrain from stressing material and scientific matters in order to reëmphasize the existence of man. Much to the point was a spirited

What Shall Universities Do?

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little address by Professor Clyde Eagleton, who averred that American government scorns the educated. "To break into the government service requires either submission to a political machine or a large independent income through which you can organize in your own behalf or 'influence' the voters." Truer words were never spoken, and yet it is in a measure the educated man's own fault, and the university's own fault, that it has not attempted to organize its own resources. All in all, this conference was important; certainly it was well planned and conducted.

THAT truly liberal and social-minded group, the Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching, has just terminated, in Atlanta, an annual convention in which the most heartening statistics for fifty years were read and discussed. During the present year, only four lynchings have taken place in the South, and only six in the whole country. This is low record for the half-century covered by written reports, and its relation to the average of forty of those fifty years—over one hundred a year—is a piece of astonishing good news. The key state of the South in this tragic matter has always been Mississippi, with the densest Negro population and the highest number of lynchings. And Mississippi has been lynchless in 1932. The Association, which includes more than seven thousand women, representing 12 states, 575 counties, 1,300 towns, has done excellent work in the past few years, work which has been noted with respect in these columns before this. It has organized, protested, effected contacts with all the existing women's groups that can express social conscience or wield social power. And chiefly, it has pioneered in the brave business of penetrating public opinion with the fact that Southern white women regard with horror and repudiation the tradition of lynching as a "protection" to themselves. A very large share of the progress away from the inhumanity and disgrace of lynching must, without doubt, be ascribed to this association. The central committee announces that it will try to make 1933 the year of "a lynchless South." Every decent citizen in the country must applaud and uphold this purpose in any positive way that is possible.

"A Lynchless South in 1933"

THE FIRST Catholic college in the United States for the education of colored youth has been dedicated. This is the Xavier College in New Orleans. The handsome and well-equipped building in the English Gothic style, designed to accommodate 500 students, is one of the initial units in the program for the Catholic education of the colored. In large measure it is due to the generosity and vision of Mother Katharine Drexel and the marvellous women in the Sisterhood of the Blessed Sacrament, which she founded. This congregation devoted to the service of the Indian and colored people in the United States, inspired by the memorialization of God's mercy in His Eucharistic presence, have in spite of poverty and the inevitable inertia of human interest in their work, where they have not had to struggle against actual hostility, made mercy flower where before was wilderness. They are today conducting more than thirty elementary schools, high schools and boarding schools for colored youth in fifteen states, besides their schools on the Indian reservations. All those persons who have any conception of the power of the sacraments instituted by Our Divine Saviour and of the importance of moral training as the basis of character development, will appreciate this work of the Sisters.

A Negro Catholic College

IT HAS been cordially welcomed by leaders in the field of Negro education and race progress, and the students, as may well be imagined, are reported to be models of enthusiasm and discipline, and to have a keen and high-minded outlook on their life work. The parallel developments of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute may be appropriately recalled at this time. Catholic interracial coöperation here at home, though it still has many failures of omission that may prompt a real spirit of humility, is making progress and is a fertile field for Catholic Action and social justice. Those of us in New York who did not have a chance to be present at the dedication of the college unit of what is proposed to be Xavier University, had this year a startling witness of the life of the Faith when 3,000 Negro Catholics from various parts of the country attended high Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

ONE IS glad to realize that with each number *Liturgical Arts*, the quarterly published by the Liturgical Arts Society, proves more interesting and valuable. In the current issue we note with especial pleasure three papers on new ecclesiastical edifices, written with lucid care and distinction. Mr. L. Bancel La Farge compares the Canterbury School chapel (Raphael Hume, architect) with the church of Serravalle di Casentino, thus linking the old world with the new. At Astoria, Long Island, the Church of the Most Precious Blood, of which Henry J. McGill was the architect, affords a splendid opportunity to see how liturgical requirements can be skilfully met in the modern spirit without violating any canon of good taste. In this case the article was written by Leopold Arnaud, who seems to us an unusually well-qualified writer. Finally the new Mallinckrodt Convent, near Mendham, New Jersey, is sympathetically described by John A. Wetzel. Articles such as these should help the American Catholic to gain a better understanding of the opportunities which building for the honor of God affords. They stress the fact that good taste can triumph over limitations of money and space.

The Arts of the Church

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THE SHADES of the great pirate-fighters, from Pompey to Decatur, must be rejoicing grimly at the latest chapter in the long epic in which they bore so brave a part. Amazingly, it is true that the scourge of piracy is still felt in remote parts of the Mediterranean. These hateful human wolves, batteners upon the most desperate and appealing form that weakness and isolation can assume, the weakness and isolation of a ship at sea, were exterminated in the period following our country's drive against them, in 1815. But the business has been revived of late years by the kinsmen of the Moroccan hill tribes, in those portions of the African coastline unprotected by any European force. Here strayed or tramp ships are taken, and their survivors are held for ransom, or killed. And here, the other day, a little Spanish fishing vessel was grounded and boarded. Only, this little vessel had a radio, and was able to send out an S.O.S. with the ship's position, which got through, by relays, to the Spanish Naval Ministry. A gunboat was sent to the rescue, and a second gunboat near the scene of battle was ordered to close in. It makes the last pleasing feature of a pleasing story, somehow, that it was neither of these professionals, but an amateur, that beat off the savages. A mail steamer, of all things, turned aside from its peaceful and ultra-civilian mission, raced the gunboats for the happiness of delivering the succoring blow, and won.

Pirate-Fighting Up to Date

NO GAFFE shames the gaffer more than to take seriously what was meant for a joke. So we approach the headline-snatcher recently perpetrated at Ann Arbor during the meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, with caution. An anthropologist told his assembled colleagues the life-story of a Mongoloid skeleton recently dug up out of the bottom of a Minnesota glacial lake. It was 20,000 years old. It was female, and had looked, in life, rather like an ape. It had died when it was seventeen and one-half years old. The cause of its death was an arrow which had entered the breast from the front, as was shown by a nick in the shoulder-blade. One would think that all this would be enough for any scientist to haul out of eleven feet of lake-bottom silt at one sitting, so to speak. But no. Besides these matters of millennial intervals, personal age, appearance, sex and so on, in which the scientist has the drop on us and we can't dispute him (though we may be sure some other scientist will), he must go on to speculate in the manner of the heart editor of one of the balmier newspapers.

For the Tabloids

WHAT were the circumstances of this neolithic death? Perhaps it was murder. Perhaps, treasurable thought, in view of the undoubted sexual significance of the ornaments she wore (all of which, of course, is as clear as day to science after 20,000 years) it was a murder of jealousy. Perhaps the female Mongoloid was on her way to meet a male Mongoloid, and was surprised by another male Mongoloid and done to death. If the anthropologist meant this all as a joke, we assure him that we are laughing—though we wonder a little about his fellow scientists at the meeting. If he meant it seriously, we wish, with all due courtesy, to express a preference for pig's teeth. Our readers will place the allusion. A few years ago, they must recall, certain other scientists made another earth-shaking discovery: several buried molars of a structure so weird and unheard of that it was necessary on the spot to "reconstruct" the prehistoric mammal in whose jaw they had sprouted. Later they turned out to be the teeth of the modern domestic pig found abundantly in those parts. This was a less than perfect confirmation of the hypothesis, but the whole business, nevertheless, seems to us a good deal more respectable. Who 20,000 years hence, when some abnormally thick skull is dug up, will deny that we were a race of numb-skulls with feathers on our chests?

LOOKING IN THE GLASS

THAT prohibition has met with so much outspoken and acute disapproval is due to a great many things. The rise and triumph of the bootlegger, the high price of good whisky and the officious offensives of numerous drys have all played their part. We do not wish to minimize the importance of any of these when we say that the major popular argument against prohibition is its cost. The advocates of the Eighteenth Amendment in this instance reckon with a boomerang. It was they who assured us that a few years of drought would empty the prisons, make hospitals of the insane quite useless and, above all, stabilize the prosperity of the great masses. So much was to be saved for the family budget as a result of sobriety that every home could be outfitted with Persian rugs and gold-plated radios. Obviously all this was hokum. If the prohibitionists themselves believed it (and some of them probably did), one can merely infer that man is by definition gullible.

Nevertheless it must be confessed that the economics of prohibition are pretty difficult to get at. The government issues an annual statement of expenditures to enforce the Volstead Act, and it is possible to compute the loss of revenue from alcoholic beverages. Yet these are not matters of very great consequence when taken by themselves. National prohibition cost the United States about $41,000,000 in 1930. The loss of revenue would be meaningless if the law as such could be carried out; for then the public would not be buying alcohol but something else instead, in which case the tax could be levied on this something. When all has been said and done, the cost of Volsteadism is this: the citizen pays for beverages at a price which does not include either government revenue or enforcement costs. As a result the student of the economic cost of prohibition must ask himself, how much do the American people

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drink and what do they pay for it? How does this price compare with that of pre-war years?

Enter Dr. Clark Warburton with a detailed statistical study of "The Economic Results of Prohibition" (New York: Columbia University Press. $3.25). This is not the first book offering facts and figures concerning the great drought, but it is the clearest, the most objective and the most comprehensive. Dr. Warburton limits his inquiry to the United States, thus leaving out of consideration such interesting matters as the sums spent in Canada and abroad by Americans who travel primarily to get a drink. Yet since this is a large subject worth looking into for its own sake, we shall accept our author for what he is and rejoice accordingly.

The analysis of drinking in this country since 1917 must overcome many obstacles. There are books enumerating the speakeasies of New York and Chicago, but as yet no association of bootleggers has taken to issuing annual reports. Very much liquor now consumed is made at home, and so well-nigh baffles computation. "Apple jack," for instance is a favorite New England beverage drunk in unknown quantities; berries and cherries, plus clover blossoms and figs, have alcoholic possibilities known only to the great American housewife. A statistician must ignore these fascinating substances, and concentrate upon the standard materials used in making intoxicants. He can—and Dr. Warburton does—examine into the fate of hops, grapes, corn sugar, molasses and alcohol produced in the United States. Sugar would seem to be the most popular basis of beverage spirits, and our statistician holds that 85,000,000 gallons of wine were made illicitly in the cellars of the nation during 1931. These figures can then be tested by comparing them with the information supplied by mortuary tables and police records.

So far so good. The next question that arises is: how much, comparatively speaking, does bibbling cost under the Eighteenth Amendment? Dr. Warburton warns us against jumping at rash conclusions in a domain very poorly mapped out. Thus he holds (a) that the increasing use of milk is attributable not to the search for a beer substitute but to medical propaganda, and (b) that the mere fact of prohibition has very likely not led to an increase of drinking. On this last topic he says (and we are inclined to agree with him): "There has been an increase . . . in the use of alcoholic beverages by both men and women at social gatherings. This is a general adoption by a large section of society of drinking customs formerly restricted chiefly to the wealthy class. This change in drinking habits may, like other changes in manners and morals after the World War, have been due primarily to the psychological repercussions of that conflict, to the larger incomes received by a considerable section of the population, and to the cumulative effect of changed attitudes toward religion and former social standards." We should like to add the waning of the temperance movement and the growth of a "flush" college population.

Dr. Warburton offers not a little evidence painstakingly gathered to illustrate the cost of drinking under the new régime. Sifting this is farily complicated, so that we shall say no more here than to quote: "The most striking feature . . . is the similarity, since 1922, between the estimated probable expenditure for liquor without prohibition and the estimated actual expenditure with prohibition. . . . Since, however, the alcoholic beverage industry no longer contributes to the support of government, there has been a net loss to consumers and taxpayers of approximately the amount of the taxes which, without prohibition, would have been collected from the industry."

When he gets around to his conclusions, this statistician consigns all the claims made by prohibitionists to the same limbo in which repose the compliments paid to quack patent medicines in the good old days. That such claims could ever be put forward is very probably due to the fact that the temperance movement grew up in the shadow of a victorious abolitionist crusade. It is true that on the basis of the evidence submitted—i.e., minus the berries, the blossoms et al.—prohibition has reduced the total consumption of alcohol. Yet this is due to a restricted supply of beer, and the amount of spirits drunk actually increased about 10 percent.

Other conclusions are no less negative. We permit ourselves to quote just a few: "Prohibition was not a significant factor in the increased purchases of automobiles, radios, electrical appliances, household equipment or other consumers' goods during the period of prosperity from 1923 to 1929; and prohibition, aside from the first year or two, had had no appreciable effect upon savings deposits, life insurance carried, deposits in building and loan associations, or other forms of saving and investment."

"The effect of prohibition upon the principal economic classes of the nation may be summarized as follows: (1) That some farmers have lost markets on account of prohibition, but that the farming class as a whole has gained more than it has lost. (2) That under prohibition the working class is consuming not more than half as much alcohol per capita as formerly; and that the expenditure of this class upon alcoholic beverages is probably $1,000,000,000 less than it would be without national prohibition. (3) That the per capita consumption of alcohol by the business, professional and salaried class has been affected but little by prohibition; and that due to higher prices this class is spending at least $1,000,000,000 more a year for alcoholic beverages than it would be spending without national prohibition. (4) That the wealthy class, with annual incomes per income-receiver of more than $25,000, has had to make up in higher income taxes most of the loss of federal revenue due to prohibition, amounting approximately to $75,000,000 a year."

Dr. Warburton's figures are conservative. With his help we are entitled to a fair guess concerning just where the nation is at, in so far as this tempestuous debate is concerned.

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WOMEN AND RELIEF

By GENEVIEVE GARVAN BRADY

The relief of distress looms as the greatest task to be performed by Americans during the coming winter. Millions of thoughtful, generous citizens will give what they can to aid; many others, unfortunately, are not yet aware of the obligation resting upon them. THE COMMONWEAL *is fortunate in being able to present to its readers the following summary and plea by one who may be termed an exemplar of Christian charity in action. Mrs. Brady is the chairman of the women's section of the National Citizens' Committee of Welfare, Mobilization and Relief Associations.—The Editors.*

EVERY Catholic woman knows what is meant by spiritual consolation, how urgently it is needed at all times and how desperately in times of stress. Today many of us forget these wants of the soul and spirit in the pressure of the physical problem, but they cannot be overlooked without disaster to the individual and eventually to the nation, of which he is a part. Any adequate welfare and relief operation makes ample provision for maintaining morale as well as sustaining life. This winter there is a serious danger that the operation may not be adequate even on the physical side, and without the coöperation of every woman in the country there will undoubtedly be starvation and demoralization on a scale Americans have never known before. That is why the National Women's Committee has been formed.

The National Citizens' Committee of men and women, of which this is a division, was mobilized in September under the chairmanship of Newton D. Baker to back up the local relief drives throughout the country. Mr. Baker felt that, to make this national relief campaign a success, the energy, force, financial power and store of information of all the women of the country must be behind it. Mrs. Herbert Hoover agreed to serve as honorary chairman of such a national committee as Mr. Baker proposed.

Nearly one hundred vice-chairmen, representing over thirty social agencies, were invited to serve, and steps were immediately taken to form a national committee of between six hundred and one thousand women representing every state in the Union.

The duties of these National Committee members are varied and numerous. They are to organize similarly composed committees in their own localities to reinforce drives for funds, to help map out the local needs, to carry on an educational campaign concerning the extent and type of these needs, to act as a bond of union between the social organizations functioning in different but allied fields, and so to interpret the whole social program that there will be no overlooking and as little as possible overlapping of the work of the essential social services.

We all know the meaning of human values and how they are affected by destitution and a sense of failure. The man out of work, even though through no fault of his own, is apt to lose his self-respect. The mother of a family whose husband is unemployed and whose heart is torn by the sight of his undeserved misery, is apt to develop a dangerous sense of injustice. The boy and girl just out of school who face a world that has no place for them, are liable either to become rebels or to feel they are so much human wastage. The children in a home from which hope has fled, know a sadness and confusion of spirit that should be foreign to their age.

Women are able to meet such problems as these. How they can be met will vary from time to time and from place to place. I shall try to describe how they come within the scope of the National Women's Committee and what the day-to-day job of its members is likely to be.

To the general public it might seem that the full extent of the need is known and that the only task is to find the funds, food, clothing and shelter to supply it. But every relief worker knows that such is not the case. The last person to apply for relief is the self-respecting citizen who, formerly self-supporting, has through no fault of his own become a charge on his community. If he is to be cared for and his self-esteem saved—and that self-esteem is a valuable and most important national asset—tact, patience and a very real charity are required. But how is the relief worker to hear of his existence, much less to give the personal attention that his particular problem requires? That could be one task for the members of the women's committees. In smaller cities and towns, probably hundreds of such cases will be found among their own friends.

Again there are people whose standards of living have changed and who are suffering in silent pride because of their misfortunes. Perhaps they are compelled to go to an unaccustomed public hospital ward or their children have become charges on public clinics. In the institutions they often have the tender care of our Sisters, but the Sisters cannot always follow them into their homes, supply the missing link between the parted members of a family and keep up the courage and hope of all.

Here is a fertile field of activity for the women's committee members. In coöperation with diocesan departments of the Catholic Charities or the various local divisions of the National Council of Catholic Women they can, where possible, assist the public health nurses or the visiting nurse associations. They can give help, when necessary, to the child welfare agencies and settlement houses, and they can keep before the public the absolute necessity for supporting not only the hospitals but the outdoor services which the thoughtless might consider non-essential just at this time.

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The national duty of the financially solvent and physically fit to these people who are able and willing to work but unable to find employment, who are sick and in need not only of hospital care but encouragement, who are racked by the strain of the present situation, was eloquently summed up by Newton D. Baker in launching the National Citizens' Committee:

> I have a deep conviction that we must not let the size of the more relief needs in the present emergency lead us to forget that relief, to be wholesome and helpful, must be accompanied by the kind of personal interest which, under the name of welfare or character building work, has become inseparable from relief work in normal times.
>
> We must all be very much concerned to preserve the wholesomeness and self-reliance and civic virtue of our adult unemployed who this winter, for the first time in their lives, must see themselves and their families partially or wholly charges upon the bounty of their fellows. It is difficult for us to put ourselves in their places, but we may be sure that the wounds caused by such dependence are deep. We must do what we can to prevent their being dangerous.

No section of the population is better fitted to inject this element of neighborliness into organized relief than groups of women who know the needs and who have the time, personal interest and altruism to give to this work of genuine brothely love.

When we turn from the adults to the young people of this emergency period, we face a task that, while similar, has some very different elements. As I have indicated, the adolescent just out of school who can find no place for himself in a disorganized world, is apt to question the soundness of the social structure that produced this pass and to doubt the value of himself as an individual. It is very easy to convert frustrated energy into crime; easier still to convert ardent enthusiasm into rebellion.

It is here that the great work of the clubs for Catholic young people and of the parish recreational centers comes into play. Every mother knows what it means to have around the house a boy or girl who has been disappointed and is discontented. When that disappointment and discontent are on the scale threatened this winter, they constitute a national menace. If, when the unhappiness begins, a woman can turn to a club or a parish center where there is a dance or a new course of study or a swimming meet, how much easier it is for her to maintain her morale knowing that her children are not in mischief, and how much easier for them to keep physically and mentally fit and preserve their faith in the future that stretches before them.

Here again is a task for the members of the women's committees. They can perhaps help the club or the pastor to get the necessary financial support for maintaining or even enlarging their recreational facilities. They can see to it that young people realize what these clubs and centers offer for their amusement and advancement; how the activities supplied may help to make them better wage-earners when the tide of depression turns. They can show the recreational agencies to be what in truth they are—a social insurance against crime and the costs of courts.

As we come down in the age scale, we do not find that the task grows any less. I am almost tempted to say that, the younger the citizen, the greater the social responsibility for its care. No country can afford to have its boys and girls grow up unhappy any more than it can afford to have them unfed. Every boy and girl is entitled to enjoy the faith, the enthusiasm, the hope and the energy that is the glory of his or her youth. Without the aid of the recreational agencies thousands of children are in danger of missing that enjoyment and starting life with a handicap they may never when grown-up overcome. It is because one such agency, the Girl Scouts, has been my particular laboratory for testing the value of all, that I speak with such fervor on this subject. The Boy and Girl Scouts, the Catholic Boys' Brigade, the Junior Catholic Daughters and other such recreational organizations are, to my mind, filling an almost desperate need during the present emergency. If I single out one for special mention, it is because I can speak with the authority of fifteen years' experience on that subject. That the others are as badly needed, that the work of none overlaps, I am very well aware.

So far I have been discussing the duties implied in neighborliness, in the imaginative kindness of the fortunate to the unfortunate, in the charity that makes us all kin. I believe that the women of the country are the best fitted to dispense the aid that these qualities imply, and to do just this is a prime duty of each and every member of the National Women's Relief Committee. But there is another very practical service that the members can perform. That is to help swell the funds of the social agencies.

All through the country this winter the Catholic Charities and other welfare and relief agencies established by the Church for the benefit of its suffering people will be conducting campaigns for financial support. We all know that not even the well-to-do are in a position now to give as freely as they once did, and that this time there must be what Newton D. Baker calls "sacrificial giving" on the part of each and every one. Only a crusade of education conducted by zealous women who know the need in all its aspects and the dangers inherent in destitution, can bring home the necessity for "giving till it hurts." It will be the duty of the National Women's Committee to conduct such a crusade, to dramatize the appeal and visualize the need so that the response may be adequate to the emergency demand. America has food, clothing and other resources in quantities sufficient to supply this demand. It has potential consumers of these resources in all-too-great numbers. It has producers, too, and among them must be every Catholic woman in the country, who will supply the missing link between the well-provided and those in want, between the sick and sore of heart and those who know how to heal them.

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THE ELECTION'S FIRST RESULTS

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

NOVEMBER, 1932, will in future be one of the landmarks in American political development, almost as 1800 and 1828 were. This is not that risky thing, a prophecy; it is already an undeniable fact. Whether, as is so often said, the election was meant only to turn the Republicans out and change the ruling party, the actual effect was different from any such change ever made before, except on the eve of a war, and already it is seen to be obviously revolutionary in many unexpected ways. Its further developments cannot be predicted, but they are certain to come.

The vague minds who immediately became exhilarated over the prospect of a virtual coalition government may be disregarded. If they know anything about the Constitution, they are incapable of reasoning about it. A coalition government, even a tacit and under-cover one, cannot exist in a land where the machinery is placed so inexorably in the hands of certain definitely prescribed persons that the very dates of the beginning and termination of their powers are fixed at the polls in such a way that they cannot be changed until the iron date fixed for that termination.

The principal changes already in evidence, which momentum and evolution can hardly fail to drive further, are these. First, bloc government, partly in effect for years and supposed to be on the increase until it should approximate the European form, is destroyed. The two-party system is overwhelmingly reinstalled—that is, in form. All good judges think it will be only in form and not in substance, but that does not mean that it will yield again to bloc government; it is more likely to resemble in a more drastic way the conditions of Cleveland's second administration.

Second, for the first time in our history the President-elect is in a position to assume the essentials of power without waiting through the four months' political stagnation preceding his inauguration. Both he and Mr. Hoover have already recognized that fact publicly and almost dramatically. Whether he makes full use of this unprecedented influence or shrinks from it, depends on the question of his yet unrevealed strength of character or lack of it. Jackson, in his place and in the same conditions, would have used it with the utmost vigor. Probably Cleveland or Theodore Roosevelt would.

Third, though all the leaders in Congress desire to avoid it, factional government on a scale never yet seen is assured. This is made certain by two features of the result: the enormous Democratic majority, including many congressmen of yet unknown and incalculable proclivities, and, more decidedly, by the fact that the Democratic party so tremendously placed in power is a loose aggregation of conflicting and often very bitterly hostile interests. There was much of this in Cleveland's second term, but today the points of difference are far more numerous and vastly more momentous. Strong man as he was, Cleveland threw up his hands in despair before he had been President a year and a half, and wrote letters and messages which revealed his hopelessness, though he doggedly fought on. Roosevelt has a more daunting task than he.

Fourth, the people, after years in which they often, in moments of indignation, flirted with radicalism enough to give hope to the extremists, in this final and stern hour of awakening administered the coup de grace to radicalism. In this, seemingly the most hopeful year in a century for the social revolutionists, Norman Thomas polled a vote so small as to mean destruction hereafter. Unlike the period of the Cleveland hard times, all the minor and all the freak candidates were snowed under. The people most determinedly showed their resolution to make an end of everything but one-party government of the old stripe, and, subject to the centrifugal tendencies of a factionalism over which the polls have no veto, they have got it.

Of all the many antagonistic factions into which the great Democratic majority is divided, the most solid and coherent one is the South. The Southern states and politicians have as much internal dissension as any other group, and inter-state jealousy among them often reaches a higher point than anywhere else; but on any matter in which the interests of the whole section are concerned it closes its ranks and presents a nearly united front. The South, with its peculiar interests and divergencies from other states will be—is already—in the van in the government we are to have for at least two years to come.

But Mr. Roosevelt's first hurdle will be the antagonism between conservatives and liberals in his own party. By conservatives is meant men like Senator Glass, by liberals such men as Senator Wheeler, who, only eight years ago, bolted and ran for Vice-President on the La Follette ticket. In using the words "conservative" and "liberal," the writer does not endorse either word as accurate; but they are understandable.

In the convention which nominated Roosevelt, the conservatives were mostly for him, in the South and West if not in the whole East; but they permitted the liberals or progressives to take the limelight and the microphone. To judge by the proceedings of that convention, Huey Long, Clarence Dill, Burton K. Wheeler and their like were the whole show. This was not the fact, but the conservatives certainly did trail after the Huey-Clarence-Burton chariot. The resistance was in the East; not all of the East, for Guffy of Pennsylvania, Jackson of New Hampshire, and some others had seen to that, but among those for whom such men as Smith and Ritchie spoke. The showdown, however, was post-

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poned by the campaign, when they all united to beat Hoover and laid aside for the time their complete disagreement on fundamentals. The showdown is now upon us, and will begin promptly on the first Monday in December and go on until one side or the other rakes in the pot.

On which side is Mr. Roosevelt to stand? Each side will not merely request but demand his support. Neither will be satisfied with half a loaf; the mutual antagonism is too deep for that, all the more because it is rooted in principle. Antagonism? It is animosity. In making his decision he will be confronted by two or three new factors: first, the obliteration of that working agreement which has for years subsisted between the Democratic leaders and the Republican Old Guard; second, the probable retention of the present Democratic leaders in name, while their nominal followers exercise a veto power over them; third, the determination of the progressives, long before he was nominated, that conservatism must not run things.

Congress is not only conscious of its power, but determined to exercise it even in the short or lame duck session from December to March, before the new landslide Congress begins its extra session. This did not need demonstration, but was demonstrated nevertheless as soon as European countries asked for a suspension of the debt payments due on December 15. Congress was not in session; but, without waiting for a word from either Roosevelt or Hoover, its members announced that they would not grant the suspension. Some few, of course, would still vote for it; there are always recalcitrants; but the voice of Congress was trumpeted forth as unmistakably and as loudly as if it were in session and the matter were before it. In this one instance both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt were enabled to see that Congress not only holds the whip hand, but will and does flourish the whip without even waiting for the horse to come out of the stable. The people see it too, unless they are strangely blind. This disposition will naturally be increased vastly as soon as the new Congress, flushed with victory, is called into session by President Roosevelt.

"Its overwhelming proportions," said Lady Astor in Richmond on November 11, referring to the election result, "indicate that it is not a Democratic victory, but a national victory. You have a national government now just as we have in England. The Democrats will make a great mistake unless they recognize this and govern from a national, or, better, an international standpoint."

If they do, they will have Republican coöperation. Not because the Republicans are well disposed toward their conquerors, but because above all things the Republicans are anxious not to make themselves any more unpopular than the election showed them to be. There is to be a Congress election in 1934. A minor reason, but a strong one, is that the election divested the Republican party of its leaders. The Old Guard is gone. The Republican policy is to mark time, say "Yes" wherever possible, and wait for the swollen Democratic majority to make mistakes and anger the public.

In this they have history to comfort them. There have been landslides before, though not such a complete overturn in several generations; and each landslide has sent to Congress, among many good men, a great number of middle-brained incompetents and "sons of the wild jackass." They have brought demagogues and clowns to ramp over the floors of the two Houses and revolt the people. Men not very old can remember vividly the Sockless Jerrys, the Peffers, the Tom Watsons, and the whole bedlam let into Congress by what was then, but no longer is, an unprecedented landslide. The hope of sensible Democrats is founded in the fact that this year the people sternly refused to repeat that catalogue of Populists, Popocrats, and Farmers' Alliance wild men, and turned down very decidedly such loud-sounding comedians as Bob Shuler of California wherever they showed themselves. The hope of the Republicans is in the fact that nobody knows what latent foolishness or demagogy may lie in that huge mass of new congressmen which will march across the stage as soon as Roosevelt issues the call.

Another of the problems, unknown as yet, is the extent to which geographical divisions will operate to jangle the government. Mr. Roosevelt himself does not know. One thing is sure, the divergence of territorial interests is greater today than ever before. There are sections of the country which are not far from hating each other. The division in 1860 offers no such comparison, for, despite a multitude of exceptions, it was a division between only two sections, the North and the South. With the stupendous growth of the country lately, and its myriad subdivisions in interest, there is not now a mere clean-cut division between two sections easily ascertainable on the map.

Where this will affect Mr. Roosevelt is the fact that each division and subdivision will insist on his recognizing its claims; for, in perfect honesty, each section will—and does now—believe its own claims to be founded in right and justice. The word "sections" must, in these days, be stretched so far as to mean states and even cities; there are cities which are held in fear and aversion in other parts of the country, and yet which are honest in believing their own interests to be those of the nation.

At the coming short session there will be, as there always has been at such sessions, considerable hullabaloo about important national questions. But it is not likely to vary from the history of short sessions. About all there is time to do in such a session is to pass the money bills to pay the government's way in the next fiscal year; and, as experience shows, Congress does not have much more than six weeks in which to handle that big job. Committees have to weigh the appropriations and report them, Congress has to debate and decide the items; and there is precious little time to sandwich in other legislation. If it is attempted, a single senator, or two or three at most, can kill it by a filibuster.

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AMERICAN SOCIALISM

By GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

THE SOCIALIST movement has assumed a significance in the political life of our nation which will not and cannot be denied. No matter how small in organization and actual influence with the voting masses, its importance is derived from its growth. It is the idea behind Socialism which is considered its intrinsic force. The Socialist party is the representative political body of the movement. Other groups are the Young People's Socialist League, the Socialist Labor Party, the Farmer Labor Party, the League for Independent Political Action. These may differ in their economic programs but all adhere more or less to the Socialist doctrine, of which the outstanding tenets are: gradual public ownership of railroads, communications and public utilities; compulsory unemployment compensation; social insurance; steeply increased taxes on the higher brackets, and so on.

The American Socialist party is part of a world movement, the Second International, which is a factor in many foreign countries, either in actual government control or in opposition. At the beginning of the century, the American party polled less than 90,000 votes, which number increased till 1920 to nearly 920,000. Then it was split, partly through the growing importance and promise of the Communist movement, and partly through the fusion of the Socialists with the Progressive party in 1924, which did not add to its prestige. Thus, four years later, the Socialist party polled only a little more than 25,000 votes. Since then, it has gained sharply.

It is stated by the Socialists that in the last four years the party had doubled its membership, though in actual numbers this may have been a relatively small increase. During the first eight months of 1932 more than 200 new local organizations were formed, as compared with 96 in the entire year of 1931. Now there are about 1,000 local organizations in every state, with the exception of Alabama and South Carolina. The circulation of Socialist newspapers increased from 300,000 to 750,000 in 1932. The Socialists claim that their party offers a larger organization than all of the minor parties put together, a better leadership, a bigger press, more political experience, and a program which is adapted to the American situation.

One could turn this claim around and say that it is this American situation which is responsible for the spreading influence of Socialism in the country. Though the movement may have grown from the fertile soil of human logic, it is a historical fact that its evolution as a political party was not derived from the gospel of Socialism but from the sins of capitalism. The root may be the idea, but the fruits are the result of the masses' repugnance to the existing order. Bismarck and German Socialism, the coal mines and British Socialism, the Fords, the Insulls, the Rockefellers and American Socialism, they all run a parallel course. In order to understand Socialism, one must consider the soil upon which it is growing: the capitalistic order. Harold U. Faulkner in "Socialist Planning and a Socialist Program" (page 221) says:

> There are two economic civilizations in conflict for supremacy or survival—capitalism and Socialism. The one is based upon the private ownership of the means of production and distribution, and is expected to work because of the desire for profits and the beneficence of competition. The other is based on the social ownership of these means of production and distribution and the elimination of the profit motive, thus bringing a more equal distribution of wealth and opportunity and greater economic security for mankind.

Obviously, in comparing the two systems, there is a notable difference: one has been in existence since the beginning of human history, first, in a primitive and, in the last four centuries, in a more thoroughly organized form. The other has neither history nor tradition to speak of. It is, therefore, very largely a doctrine and a theory which has the advantage of having made few, if any, mistakes because it had little chance to. It also has the disadvantage that it cannot point to great achievements such as must be conceded to the capitalistic order, regardless of what it could have achieved.

Moreover, the two systems are fundamentally different in their avowed purposes. Capitalism, quite openly, follows the profit motive. Our manufacturers do not produce for use but for profit. Or else, it could not be that half of the earth's population go without the barest necessities of life. The financial interests of the country do not invest in plants and mines and factories for other than selfish reasons, and do not consider that we all would be much better off if some of the investments went into wages and salaries. And since these interests invest not for use but for profit, they are compelled to lend to productive enterprises, for only in production can one make a profit, not in the purchase of a pair of shoes or a car or a radio.

It is for this reason that it is useless to blame the financial interests, the manufacturing trend or wage policies. The blame should be placed where it belongs, namely on the ultimate, the profit motive. The profit element in the capitalistic society has been recognized by the Socialists, as may be seen from the paragraph quoted above. True to their doctrine, the Socialists argue against it. Says Professor R. G. Tugwell in the same book (page 36):

> Most economists, even today, believe that Adam Smith laid his finger on a profound truth when he said that not

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> benevolent feelings but rather self-interest actuated the butchers and bankers of this world. . . . For persons with the usual intellectual contacts of our times to go on harboring these views, there has to be some violent rationalization. Surely they must be aware of the growing average size of our industrial organizations; and from this it is a simple conclusion that fewer persons all the time are profit-receivers in any direct sense. Surely they must be aware of the growing separation of ownership and control; and from this it seems a fairly simple inference that since profits go only to owners, control is effectively separated from its assumed motive.

This attitude toward the profit motive may be considered fairly representative of the Socialist conception of the human element involved in the evolution of economics, that is, material desire. And after dismissing, in this way, the human factor, the Socialist doctrine goes on to build up its own world economic structure. In the following are given excerpts, written by Morris Hillquit, of the Socialist aim (page 83):

> The essence of the Socialist program is the proposal that the great industries of the country, one by one, be taken out of private ownership and turned over to the people to be operated by appropriate public agencies for the common use and benefit. This program, of course, implies a radical reorganization of the industries on the basis of planned and steady production with adequate guarantees against bureaucracy, incompetence and graft. . . . A world without strife and warfare, without poverty and depressions, without breakdowns and catastrophes, a free, just, sane and abundant world, that is the ideal of Socialism. . . .

Logically developing this thought, the 1932 platform of the Socialist party contains in its economic program these demands:

> Public ownership and democratic control of mines, forests, oil and power resources, public utilities dealing with light and power, transportation and communication, and of all other industries. . . .
>
> Operation of the publicly owned industries by boards of administration on which wage-worker, consumer and technician are adequately represented; recognition in each industry of principles of civil service and collective bargaining; minimum wage laws. . . .
>
> Steeply increased inheritance and income taxes on higher incomes and estates of both corporations and individuals.

May these excerpts suffice to show that the Socialists are endeavoring to build a world which is as beautiful as it is different from the one in which we are living at present. May they also suffice to indicate that the human element is considered merely from the point of equality, of economic justice and of social, civic and political rights.

It is apparent that the capitalistic scheme is conceived in Socialist eyes as something wilful, arbitrary and privileged. It is viewed as a large-scale theft on the people's property for which no reparation has been made. From a moral viewpoint the Socialist doctrine is undoubtedly very much justified. However, there arises the human question: how was it possible that this economic world of ours could have been built through the centuries on the mere foundation of privileges and exploitation? A man can steal perhaps all his life without being caught; it may be possible for a whole generation to indulge in robbery and plunder without being punished. But to steal, to ransack, to plunder, to exploit, to profit unjustly year after year, century after century, indeed, for the whole course of mankind's history, this, it would seem, is entirely out of the possible, were it not for one very intrinsic and very powerful, nay, positively dominating force. I believe this force is the human element which takes the form of material desire.

While Professor Tugwell maintains that "if profits are really the actuating motive in modern enterprise, why is it that so great a proportion of them go to those who have no share in the control of operations?", it seems that the profit desire must not be limited to the mere lust of entrepreneurs for big dividends and huge surpluses. From the fundamental human viewpoint, profit desire is by no means restricted to dollars and cents; far beyond that, it contains the striving for security, for material gain in any form, be that power or prestige, influence or independence. Briefly, the profit desire may be actuated by greed, by ambition or by considerations of family, of home or of leisure.

As far as I am aware, the Socialist doctrine has paid little or no attention to this particular working of the human element. Yet it is the controlling force in any sort of economic endeavor. Not one out of a hundred employees or wage earners accepts employment because he has a right to work. Or surely he would look for some other occupation than eight-hour desk work or twelve-hour farming work. A man looking for a job is motivated by the necessity to care for a family; or by a desire to make more money, for a new car, for a fur coat, or to save.

There is a law of balance which, I think, is not considered in either the Socialist doctrine or the Socialist platform. This law is illustrated by a comparison between two men of my acquaintance, one a post-office clerk, the other a butcher. The former works in a routine-like way, assorting and distributing letters in the Brooklyn main office. He hardly puts more than 25 percent, if that much, of his faculties of intelligence, intellect and initiative into his work. He makes $160 a month. Quite different the butcher. His store is surrounded by three competitors. He has to be on his toes all the time. From early in the morning, when he has to be at the market, till late at night, he must see that the meat is fresh, that the prices are right, that the signs hang out, that the bills are paid, what the competitors are doing, that the customers are satisfied, and a hundred other things. He is using probably as much as 90 percent of his ability. He makes twice and three times as much as the clerk.

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But when he comes home, he is dead tired. He peeks into the bedroom where the children are long fast asleep, listens to the radio, glances over the funny page and goes to bed. Not so the clerk; he begins work early and gets home early. And he is interested in a thousand things, the radio, the news, checkers, chess. It all gives him intense pleasure and satisfaction. Which goes to show that the clerk makes little and gets plenty out of life and leisure; whereas the butcher makes more but has neither time nor interest to enjoy the fruits of his exerting labor. There is balance in this, and I have so far been searching in vain for a reflection of these varying degrees of satisfaction, material or spiritual, in the Socialist gospel.

Moreover, there is in my opinion no real difference in motive between employer and employee. Their material fortunes may be miles apart, the underlying motive is practically the same. A man who opens a factory, needs money, which is furnished by the people. The manufacturer, to be sure, takes this money in order to make more money, that is, profits. But the people who supply the funds through the savings banks, the stock market, commercial banks, insurance companies, follow the same motive. They want a profit, even though it may not be more than 4 percent interest or a $.75 per share dividend. The financier and the producer may be greedy; so are the people who enable both to realize their respective material aims, because they themselves are actuated by the very same purpose.

It is by this force of individual desire, whether it is for a living wage or a fortune, that the capitalistic structure could outlast the centuries. Even in the great state of brotherhood, in Soviet Russia, the desire for material gain is the leading motive as well as reason for the survival of the Communistic régime. After fifteen years, practically the same group is in power, on or behind the stage, which was serving under Lenin (with due allowance for the Trotzkys, Bucharins and Rykovs). To their case applies the principle of material desire with as much force as to the American business men; only there it is desire for power, here it is dollars and cents.

The count against the Socialist movement lies in the fact that this human element is not duly reflected in its doctrine; it is, therefore, built on sand, for it considers the material side of human endeavor only, not the metaphysical aspect. After all, aside from power and money reward we have a desire for happiness, for culture, for leisure and for full play of our respective individual traits.

To interfere with this commanding force of individualism means to interfere with human nature itself. The iron fist of dictatorship may do it, temporarily but, as history shows, such attempt would be short-lived. For if there is anything absolute and insuperable in this world, it is the truism of human nature, of faith in one's own righteousness, and of individuality, regardless of whether the individual or the community is the beneficiary. This trend may be misconceived and misguided; then it must be regulated. But it cannot be ignored or eliminated.

Capitalism has shown us the limitations of the possible. More important than the Socialist claim that theirs is sound planning, is the question whether such planning is not based upon the humanly impossible. There is reason to believe that it is.

CATHOLIC ACTION IN DUBLIN

By ALICE CURTAYNE

DURING the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, every phase of Catholic life in the Irish capital was submitted to curious and profound scrutiny by foreign visitors. But no phase provoked a deeper or a greater interest than the activities of the Legion of Mary. There hung about that work such an aura of the marvellous, there distinguished it such an unmistakable brand of the providential, that "all the world wondered."

Here is a detail of the interest, by way of illustration. The social life in Dublin during the great week remains for all who shared it an indelible memory. The only difficulty was the coincidence of attractions. I mean four or five invitations to dinner on the same day were a common perplexity. That social life of international character, so concentrated and so brief-lived, was too complex to be fully shared by any individual for reasons of physical impossibility. The Legion of Mary, too, contributed its quota to this great gesture of hospitality. It gave a reception, not advertised in the newspapers, but which nevertheless attracted one cardinal, twenty-five bishops, two abbots, and two priests who are also princes, members of the Permanent Committee of Eucharistic Congresses. And I do not speak here of the celebrities among the laity who attended that crowded and cosmopolitan gathering.

How is one to explain the profound interest aroused by this movement? It is the allure of the supernatural. Some touch of this one must concede to the work of the Legion of Mary; it is like no other. Explain it away on human grounds and see how fantastic it becomes. The mark of the providential rests plainly upon its spontaneity, its permanence, its phenomenal growth.

To those who ask what is done by the Legion of Mary, the reply is "everything." There is no form of Catholic Action on the part of the laity which it does not cheerfully shoulder. Its members undertake the regular and systematic visitation of hospitals, hotels, lodging-houses, jails and all the city haunts of the most wretched and degraded, as well as the homes of the

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people, especially of the very poor. In this way they brought back to the sacraments, the year before last, 1,500 long-time absentees, this as a mere incident in their work. They attend also to the dissemination of Catholic literature, to children's attendance at Mass, to the promoting of sodality membership and of daily Mass, to missions to Catholic servants, and to rescue work in all its forms. They will even make a parish census with a guarantee of accuracy. The Legion of Mary undertakes Catholic Evidence work too, leading the way to conversions to the Church; and study groups for apologetics are formed with this object. There are five of these study groups in Dublin, four for men and one for women. The Legion also organizes Catholic Clubs, forms branches of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements, takes on work for foreign missions and gives every kind of parochial aid.

But the Legion's achievement which has startled the world is this: that entirely unaided, a small band of men and women made a resolute attack on organized prostitution in Dublin and destroyed it. The great story of that campaign and victory is too long to be told worthily here. Three hostels now stand in the city as a testimony to the power of the Catholic will to realize, even the will of the very humblest. The Morning Star is the name of a home for destitute men, and is capable of accommodating 250, a total frequently reached. The Legion's treatment of derelict humanity is individual, aiming from the very first at moral reestablishment. For this reason, the Morning Star is not a mere shelter for a limited period of time. The Legion insists that persistence of treatment is an absolutely essential condition of success in its self-imposed task of moral rebuilding. No attempt is made to get rid of the destitute man after a stated interval.

> In the ordinary case, the fact that a man continues to avail himself of the accommodation of the hostel, should be accepted as evidence that he is still a fit subject for its care, and it may be the case that certain men will stay all the days of their lives. It is not only conceivable, but logically inevitable, that if there is a number who will pass out of the system as successes, and another number who will leave it as failures, there must be a third section who are by its aid just kept to decent ways, but who would on a withdrawal of that aid at any time immediately fall away. Therefore, I do not see why the existence of such a type as the latter should be either unexpected or distressing.

To all who are interested in rescue work, I offer in all its uncommented wisdom that quotation from the Legion literature.

Again with the purpose of moral rebuilding, the Morning Star hostel is not free. A charge of sixpence per night is made. If an applicant does not possess sixpence, he is offered a chance of obtaining it in the Legion workyard, where he can chop wood until he earns the requisite sum. When a man contributes toward his own keep, he retains a sense of self-respect and independence. But listen to what he is given for sixpence: supper, bath, bed, breakfast; fresh clothing if his garments are fit only to be destroyed, as is frequently the case; in addition, the man has warmth, a friendly atmosphere and facilities for good reading, games, conversation; he can even join a football team or a dramatic class; and frequent entertainments are given for his amusement.

This hostel is run by voluntary workers. Seven men devote their whole time to it, living indoors; they do all the bedmaking, sweeping, cooking, cleaning, fumigating of clothes, shopping, account-keeping. In addition to this, a great number of men who have other work during the day devote their evenings, many of them every evening, to work in the hostel.

The second institution founded by the Legion of Mary is the Regina Coeli for destitute women, which accommodates an average of from sixty to seventy. It is run on lines exactly similar to the Morning Star for men. Four women legionaries are resident whole-time workers in the Regina Coeli, and they are assisted every evening by a great number of part-time workers. All the men and women receiving assistance leave the hostels every morning to seek what work they can get and return in the evening. They do not starve in the intervals, because there is ample provision in Dublin for free midday meals, or for very cheap meals.

The third hostel, the Sancta Maria, is in many respects the most interesting. It is for prostitutes, who are sought out by the men and women legionaries in every possible haunt: unions, low lodgings, proselytizing agencies, and in the city byways. The system carried out here is necessarily different from that employed in the other two houses. To begin with, everything is free, including clothing, and even cigarette rations. (Every woman is given a packet of cigarettes a day.) The women of course remain all day in the hostel. Here it will be understood that the problem of moral rebuilding is intensified. Since these women occasionally reap material benefit from their way of life, the legionaries have more to fight against and they have to offer more by way of counter to the other life, in which adventure, recurrent comfort, clothes and cigarette-smoking figure so largely.

About four hundred women have passed through the Sancta Maria hostel since it was opened in 1922, and of these the majority were sought out, that is, they did not go to the hostel on their own initiative. The Legion claim that they have been successful in two-thirds of these cases. The women are well cared for and every effort is made to build them up physically, mentally and morally. When reformation looks fairly permanent, posts are found for them, or husbands. Fifty of them have been married and in every case the marriage appears to be a success. Five legionaries are resident whole-time workers in the Sancta Maria hostel.

I said at the beginning that the stamp of the providential on this work is probably its most powerful attraction. Thus for instance: no financial assistance is given by the Church or State except that, like other

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charities, the Legion is free of rates and taxes and the Dublin Corporation gives the premises free in the case of the Morning Star and Regina Coeli hostels. Commercial rent is paid, to the state as it happens, for the Sancta Maria premises. The Legion depends mainly on voluntary contributions and, although no appeal has been made, it is solvent.

A whole volume would be needed adequately to describe the Legion's work. I have given only an indication, but it undertakes everything. The idea is that wherever the Faith is endangered, a legionary should be at hand to spring into the breach. Legionaries, for instance, picket outside proselytizing agencies, winter and summer, in all weather, in order to deter Catholics from receiving help there and to offer counter-help.

Mark the providential too in the spontaneity of origin. The Legion of Mary began almost by accident, and without forethought. A member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was chatting to a group, detailing his experiences in the city underworld, sighing over the huge complexity of the work and the fewness of the workers. A girl who was present regretted that there was not a woman's movement to carry on such work. Then on the evening of September 7, 1921, in an alley of one of Dublin's poorest quarters a few men met to form a group who would undertake to visit the poor in the Union Hospital. They decided to admit women to membership and thus the Legion of Mary was launched. These callers at hospitals, anxious to comfort the poor, made discoveries undreamed of. Following up the hospital cases, they all unwittingly opened a door into a nightmare world—and stood aghast. It was a world of shocking physical hardship, of inevitable moral deterioration, of cynicism, of brutality, of seething rancor, of heartbreaking helplessness. The legionaries quickly discovered that visiting the hospitals was merely scratching the surface. Or it was like putting ointment on a wound that required the lance. They found the courage to probe deeper. And they never relinquished the contact that had been effected with the "submerged" city. The Legion of Mary grew, took form, crystallized.

Thus spontaneous in its origin, the Legion proved permanent too, and its growth has been phenomenal. Formed in 1921 with less than a dozen members (a group of nobodies, as they describe themselves), it has now forty branches in Dublin and a membership of about nine hundred men and women. Further, it has branches in Belfast, Cork and Waterford. There are branches in England, Scotland, Wales, France, India, the United States, China and the Philippine Islands. The Legion is a very live topic in Sydney at the present moment. And it has started, or is about to start, in Yokohama, Honolulu, the Bahamas, Porto Rico, British Guiana and in a number of places in Canada. Translations of the Legion's Handbook have been made into Dutch, French, Italian, Spanish and Flemish.

I have said nothing about the internal organization of the Legion, which is exceedingly rigid and very detailed. It would require an article in itself. Eleven years' experience have shown that the spirit and service and the dignity of the Legion cannot by any possibility be maintained without the most scrupulous adherence to the system described in the pages of the Legion's Handbook. This interesting publication may be obtained from the Secretary of the Legion of Mary, De Montfort House, North Brunswick Street, Dublin.

Pope Pius XI has described Catholic Action in these words: ". . . nothing else but the apostleship of the faithful who, under the leadership of the bishops, lend a helping hand to the Church and in a measure complete its pastoral ministry." All to whom these words make an appeal are urged to study the methods and organization of the Legion of Mary to discover to what a degree it embodies the Holy Father's expressed desire.

To the Mother of Mercies

Mother of Mercies, thy sick son pleads
For thy hand's touch on his hot brow;
Deny him this not of all his needs,
  Mother of Mercies, now!
He comes from travels in the wooded lands,
Fresh in old sorrows entangled new;
Learned is he of grief's demands,
  And what of her's most true;
Give him thy mercies—thy cool, dark grace
Let him feel round him, foot to face;
Take him to thee with thy dark hands—
  With thy soft fingers comb
  His thought's unruly strands,
And know him thine, at last come home.

Mother of Mercies, thy child is here,
Here at thy house; wilt thou let him in?
He beats thy door, canst thou not hear,
  Mother of Mercies, the din?
Forgive him that he sought thee not
When first he on his journeys went,
Forget he of thee had forgot,
  And of thy banishment;
Now doth he seek thee wearily,
And knows that he had but sought thee
Though his feet plodded love's wild plot
  With thee not at his heart;
  This then had been his lot—
To seek thee out even from the start.

Mother of Mercies, withdraw thy gates,
Stretch forth thy hand and bid him rest;
Give him the softness that for him waits—
  Mother of Mercies, thy breast.
Thy truant has now wandered back,
Heavy with trials and shamefulness,
And though he lost he has found his track
  In midst of bitterness;
Thou art the conquest he would make,
Thou all the glory he would take,
Thy features only fill his lack;
  See how his limbs wax dull,
  For thy clasp grown all slack—
Sure in that thou art merciful.

G. J. R. W.

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EAST TWELFTH STREET

By DOROTHY DAY

WHEN we came back to New York from our visit to Florida, Teresa and I, we had an opportunity to rent our little summer place for six months, so we were faced with the necessity of finding a home for ourselves and furniture to put in it. Hotel bills being exhorbitant, we were in a rush, and in a few days we found a comfortable tenement apartment, with steam heat, hot water and plenty of sunlight—all for $28.00 a month, in the warmly crowded neighborhood of Avenue A and Twelfth Street. It was early spring with a cold tang in the air, very refreshing after the torpid heat of Florida. We had both sunlight and warmth, and best of all, a huge expanse of sky to look out upon, owing to the presence of a long low garage on the other side of the street. Every night we could watch the sky in the south change from rose to violet, and as the spring advanced, there were the early storms to enjoy, massive clouds, pierced by lances of lightning, sheets of silver rain against the purple dusk. It is a luxury indeed to have acres of sky to look out upon in New York City.

"We have the two most important things right on our street," said Teresa, thinking of the miles we had to go in Florida to reach a church. "You can go to Mass every day and leave me home to play, and I can go to school and leave you home to work. I don't need to go to church, do I, because we have plenty of praying in school? Too much sometimes."

The school, which was one she had attended before, is a day nursery just down the street, run by the Helpers of the Sacred Heart. Babies of one year old and up are taken care of, children of the first three grades are taught, and the children who have passed on to higher grades and are attending other schools, public and parochial, in the neighborhood, come back to the nursery for their luncheon and for after-school activities. There are 275 children taken care of all day long by the Sisters, in addition to the children who come in for meals. The place is large and roomy, and there is a roof garden and a backyard and a play-room under the roof for recreation.

One of the Sisters of the order heads a Sunday School too, which takes care of 1,200 young ones in the district who attend public school.

"Today," said Teresa, "I had four dishes of spaghetti. It was very good."

"It must have been."

"There was one little boy who had six. But he was a *cochina.* He is always hungry. Every afternoon after school when we have bread and jam or bread and cheese—if it's bread and cheese, I give him the cheese."

Lunch is not confined to spaghetti alone. Perhaps there is pineapple or stewed apricots for dessert. And bread and milk too.

The nursery is open from seven in the morning until six at night, and children are cared for all day and fed practically two meals a day for $1.20 a week.

At this time, where there is great talk about provision made for the babies and little children by the Soviet government, it is good to call attention to the fact that Mother Church has always kept in mind the pre-school child. There are nurseries in every section of the city for the child of the working mother. The state and city, except for clinics, have always ignored the needs of the child under kindergarten age, and those attending kindergarten are only cared for three hours a day. What other nurseries there are, are either very expensive affairs, charging from $30.00 to $75.00 a month, or else works of charity, run by brisk social workers for the "lower classes."

Little Teresa attended one of these her first and second winters, and I shall never forget the painted chairs on which the little ones sat and sat, and the painted toys (to be looked at) on the shelves, and the uniforms covering the heterogeneous garments of the poor, and the briskness, the terrible briskness, of those in charge. I remember coming early to the nursery one winter afternoon, in time to get a glimpse of child after child being propelled with horrid speed in and out of the washroom, and the worn and haggard faces of the attendant looking forward to the end of the day. Thank God, the Sisters think in terms of eternity. There is never that unpleasant hurry.

The church across the street from us is an Italian church, and there are dramatic funerals very often, with a band accompanying the hearse down the street to the church. The automobiles move along at a funereal pace, the band, when it is not playing, drags its many feet with a shushing along the asphalt, and as the cortege approaches, the bell from the church tower tolls a single spaced note, a dread and mournful sound. The music is triumphant and soul-stirring, lending an especial poignance to the spectacle.

To Teresa, this glimpse of death with its massed flowers, its dignity and solemnity, has lent a new aspect to heaven. A year ago she had said, "I do not want to die and go to heaven. I want to stay where there is plenty of fresh air." And this evident impression of a stuffy heaven which she had in some way or other visualized, dismayed me. She was thinking of the grave, I assured her, and not of a heaven which was filled with not only all the present delights of her life, but many more.

"Beaches?" she wanted to know. "And many little crabs and snails and pretty shells? I do want to live on a beach in heaven." And I assured her that there were indeed beaches in heaven.

The brass band and flowers of the Italian funerals lent emphasis in some way to my recital of heavenly joys and she said contentedly that if either of us got there first, we would wait for the other.

Along the side walls of the church are glass-enclosed statues: Our Lady of the City, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Our Lady of Grace, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Our Lady, Help of Christians and Our Lady of Lourdes. In addition to the usual statues of Saint Joseph, Saint Anthony, Saint Thérèse and Saint Anne, there are those of Cosmos and Damien, Saint Sebastian, a fine figure of Saint John the Baptist dressed in real sheepskin, and Blessed Don Bosco in a little shrine all his own.

There was a tremendous procession which stretched for ten blocks around the church on the feast day of Our Lady, Help of Christians, and though the day was cold, there was a line of white-clad girls wreathed and garlanded and carrying banners. It was impressive to see the older women, bent and twisted by life, holding aloft the banners of their faith, on which were emblazoned the insignia of the associations and confraternities to which they belonged. . . .

As I mentioned before, there was not only the problem of finding a home, but furniture to fill it, since all my belongings were in the country. I was able to bring in two beds, my sister contributed chairs and a table, other contributions were forthcoming in the shape of wicker furniture, pillows, rugs, etc., and my younger brother, whom we sometimes call Brother Juniper, insisted upon making me some furniture. His bookcases looked solid until books were put into them, and then they teetered dangerously. His benches could not be sat on. The table he constructed for my typewriter looked so heavy and solid that I was deceived into a feeling of security about it and began using it at once.

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It is my custom when possible to attend Benediction. ("I am perfickly able to mind the house and take care of myself," Teresa says.) So one evening, on coming in at eight thirty, I was startled to hear shrieks and wails of neighbors coming from my front room. I sped up the stairs, with my heart pounding, and found Brother Juniper's table in pieces on the floor, and my typewriter and papers in wild confusion all around. Teresa and Anita, the little girl next door, had merely bumped into it and the table had gone down.

My neighbor with Jewish emotionalism had rushed to the rescue and, seeing that it was my means of livelihood which had fallen on the floor, and fearing that her child had had some part in the descration of my desk, she had started her wailings which had brought the whole house to my door.

Little Anita was Teresa's constant playmate after school all through the spring. Not old enough to go to school herself, she insisted on coming in to play school, or "Make for fun you're my baby and I'm your mama," was one of the games. Anita is very tiny, with long hair which hangs in pigtails on either side of her fat face. She and Teresa were very fond of each other, and it was hard to drag them apart at bedtime.

"Let me stay just until she gets into bed," Anita said.

"Let her stay just until I say my prayers," Teresa added.

And this custom of letting Anita stay made Teresa forget that sometimes there were too many prayers and that some of them were too long. I myself did not know how many prayers she knew until she used them all as a means of letting Anita stay, and then I heard, for the first time, the Creed, the Acts of Contrition, of Charity and of Hope, in addition to the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary. When the bless-thems came along, Anita waited with breathless interest until her name too was mentioned among the friends and relatives.

It was Anita who started the game of "Make for fun we are two ladies with lots of little babies and we must go to visit the Lady Mary." So they sat with their doll carriages beneath the statue on the mantelpiece and talked of tonsilectomies and feedings, while the figure of Our Lady of Grace, which has been blessed by a Pope and has traveled from Rome to Spain, to South America, to New York, presided with a benign smile over two little girls of East Twelfth Street.

Another Miracle

Can that be my son Jimmy
The terror of the street
In cassock and in surplice?
He never looked that neat!

Can that be my own Jimmy
Singing in the choir
Looking like an angel
Plucking at a lyre?

It cannot be my Jimmy
And yet it looks like him
As Raphael might have painted him
Among the seraphim.

Glory be to Mary
Patroness of Peace
I wouldn't have believed it.
Will wonders ever cease?

GEORGE MITCHELL.

A HOUSE WITH A HISTORY

By A. M. KARLIN

EUROPE is old, terribly old. One can't take a step without stumbling on the remains of half a dozen nations, most of which have vanished altogether, like the Romans, the Goths, the Huns and so on. When traveling from the Adriatic harbor of Trieste toward Graz in Austria, such remains grow thicker even than elsewhere. I could mention a score of places in a breath, but I prefer to choose my own house—with a writer's forgivable selfishness.

My house stands on highly historic ground. It's about the only compensation I have for living in a small town where human tongues are sharper than barber's razors which, by way of contrast, I suppose, are mostly rather blunt.

When I awake in the morning at an hour which leaves a margin for meditation, and when I am just in the humor to be grateful for small mercies, such as not having been born a centipede, so that I need only clean one pair of shoes a day, I rejoice in the knowledge that I am probably awakening on the very spot (though a good many yards above the ancient level) where the Roman governor was lying in his palace or *arx*. This place was one of the most important spots in ancient Claudia Celeja which, under Emperor Augustus, used to be called a second Troy.

Thus far matters can be proved, but supposition sets in when we come to consider the Roman grave tablet we dug up in our own coal-cellar. It is that of a Roman soldier, and since his grave is here his bones ought to be too. We have not found them yet, but people with imaginations see the soldier walk about at night, with a pale face, and a heavy helmet of old-fashioned make. I am glad I never see him, for being a maiden, and dwelling all alone on the first floor, it would not be a nice thing to share my rooms with a soldier, though a rather antiquated one.

The *arx* must have fallen after the decline of the Roman Empire, here taking place very shortly after the martyrdom about 353 A.D. of Saint Maximilian, one of the last victims of the persecution. Then it was perhaps a cemetery and still later, when the migration of the nations swept also over Claudia Celeja, the ruins of past glory must have fallen on this ground.

But these were not the only destroyers.

The broad river Asalutta descending from the Alps had a very different bed at that time, and only gradually broke through the middle of the old town to form a new course altogether, burying several Roman houses, the temple of Ceres, and other buildings more or less directly under the Capitol. What was left after that destruction, and not burnt down by Avares and Huns, was destroyed by floods and conflagrations alternately, but the town arose again and again, chiefly because of its wonderful situation. On two sides there is the broad and fertile plain leading to the hilly land round Maribor, the present-day frontier of Jugoslavia, and from the other two sides lovely wooded hills form a natural rampart, while from each top a large portion of the land can be seen, and this is the reason why knights were eager to build their castles all around Celeja.

Early in the middle ages the Counts of Sanneck, a few hours' ride nearer the Carinthian-Carniolian Alps, became the Counts of Celeja, and by felicitous marriages so increased their wealth and power that one daughter of these counts married Sigismund, King of Hungary. The castle in Celeja, not a hundred yards from my house, is now the barracks for Serbian

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soldiers, the old convent is an ordinary dwelling-house, but there are many parts of the old wall established during the seventeenth century, and strengthened with four towers, still visible, and part of the western wall is my house. In 1850 it was still called "at the Laibach-gate," though the gate was no longer standing.

Close to this spot then the knights, and kings and emperors visiting the mighty counts, must have ridden past, while nowadays the most exciting sight from my windows, is a peasant woman carrying a lot of unruly chickens in her basket which sits like a small mountain on her bent back.

When this old house received its present shape is uncertain, for no records have been found, but it was standing during the time of the French Revolution in the very same form as now, and as the French also passed Illyria, and consequently stayed at Celeja, they also influenced the honorable citizens, who could not have been very much different from what they are now.

I presume that they were terribly frightened, and hid their money in cellars, and between walls; and when I hear at night the opening and shutting of a heavy but invisible door, and the sound of heavy boxes being moved, I always arrive at the conclusion that a treasure must be buried somewhere. I wish I had a wich-hazel, and possessed also the necessary gift to look for treasure. As it is, all I ever find is dust—worse luck!—for as it is my house it is also my duty to take that dust away.

My house is historic from beginning to end. I cannot help repeating this pleasant fact, as it is the greatest if not the only real advantage it has, for as far as modern comfort is concerned—! But it did not only see the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, the mad doings of the powerful knights, the curious behavior of the venerable citizens of old, it also saw the coming and going of many nations, and was under many different rulers.

During the Great War we heard the thunder of the Italian guns in winter time, though the leaves kept the noise from us in summer, and in 1918 I fell—house and all—into the new country of Jugoslavia. Earthquakes have passed over it and left it practically untouched, and one day I may stumble on the hidden treasure.

As it lies on the main line between Trieste and Vienna, some curious American may even step out of the train to have a look at it. In that case he may ring the bell, and we might hunt for that treasure together.

In Sleep

You, too, have journeyed down those darkened ways
That circumscribe death's vast and dim domain;
On shadowy shapes have fixed your startled gaze
That beckoned you unto that endless plain;
Felt that cold breeze which from that kingdom springs,
Ice-cutting, near; so very near it swept
That you have caught the cryptic whisperings
Of those who weep as never you have wept.

Then, as the darkness deepened, closelier drew
That stark, corpse-land, whose entrance you would flee,
Yet urged you on its portals to pass through,
Startled and horrified, a moan, a scream
Snatched back the soul, and you—at last—were free. . . .
Shuddering . . . you woke from your prophetic dream. . . .

CHARLES J. QUIRK.

THE WIENER SAENGERKNABEN

By ALASTAIR GUINAN

I THOUGHT, on the evening of November 9, that the veil which divides this present time from the eighteenth century had been thrust aside, enabling me to see the young Archduchess Marie Antoinette and the boy Mozart, surrounded by a miniature court, gracefully tread the leisured measures of the minuet. The white wigs, the gaily colored court costumes, joined to the deliberate and delicate grace of the actors, combined to build an illusion which for the moment became a reality. In the George M. Cohan Theatre in 42nd Street the Wiener Saengerknaben were making their New York début.

This famous choir, so long associated with St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna, was originally founded in 1498. The present dean, Father Schnitt, reëstablished it after a short lapse consequent on the disasters of the late war. While it is organized on traditional choir school lines, it makes its home in the Imperial Palace. The resulting intimate relation to the traditions of the old monarchy, under the aegis of which Mozart wrote so much of his work, may explain the potency of the spell that the boys' performance of the opera "Bastien and Bastienne" cast over the audience. It was a performance not simply, or even chiefly, interesting as evidence of juvenile precocity or quaintness: both acting and singing had a quality of miniature perfection in their own order, comparable only to that of a delicate piece of porcelain or a bit of fine old lace. And throughout there was a charming restraint and hauteur of movement which accorded perfectly with the refined instrumentation of Mozart as it was supplied on the piano by the director of the choir, Doctor George Gruber.

If this restrained and delectable dignity was the outstanding characteristic of the rendition of "Bastien and Bastienne" in costume, an infectious and wholly delightful enthusiasm marked the remainder of the program during which the boys were habited in the school uniform: one saw "the bright boy faces" (to take a phrase from Arthur Benson) atop their sailor suits as they were grouped about the piano. If at times their tone-quality seemed unnecessarily robust it may be freely forgiven them: they were so obviously enjoying themselves. Certainly, adequate compensation for the most delicate ears came in the pianissimo passages which were of a tender fineness truly deserving of that much abused adjective, "ethereal."

We are told that the choir has in its repertory all the Masses of Mozart, Haydn, Schubert (these last two alumni of the school) and Bruckner, as well as the Beethoven in C. At the initial New York concert the Saengerknaben gave us but one strictly ecclesiastical composition, a setting by Jacobus Gallus Handl of the text appointed in the Roman Missal for the Offertory Anthem on Ascension Day. This was superbly done: the interpretation given to the graphic music which accompanies "et Dominus in voce tubae" was quite splendid. One wishes that they had given us more of this school of music.

To American choirmasters perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Saengerknaben will seem to be the striking degree of concentrated attention which each one of them bestows on the director. Not less worthy of admiration and emulation is Doctor Gruber's evident joy in his work. He and his young charges set out for the West accompanied by the best wishes of musical New York. After its Western tour the choir will return to New York in December. We may hope that the delighted audience which crowded the theatre on Wednesday will be joined by many others, in a larger house, to welcome anew these charming songsters.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Music in the Air

THERE are several distinctive qualities to "Music in the Air," the latest musical play by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Jerome Kern. First of all there is a plot. Then there is music in Jerome Kern's very best vein. There is also swift and sometimes witty dialogue, as suitable for a play as for an operetta, which is skilfully interwoven with the music so that the transition from song to spoken words is hardly noticeable. Lastly there is a definite atmosphere of Bavarian life, city and country, which holds the breath of illusion successfully and continuously. There is a tendency, beneath the surface of an ultra-innocence, to play up to the sophisticated mind after a certain hypocritical fashion of Broadway. That I do not like for the very fact of its hypocrisy—the sly wink at imperiled innocence with emphasis on the peril.

The story begins in the house of the village music master, Walther Lessing, in Edendorf, Bavaria, and with the romance of his daughter, Sieglinde, and Karl Reder, the school master, both members of the village choral society. It carries through to a rehearsal of the choral society in the school hall, at which a first "public hearing" is given to one of Lessing's masterpieces. Then the whole choral society migrates to Munich to give a recital there. There are some quite lovely scenes along the mountainous road to Munich, after which we are introduced to the cynical household of Ernst Weber, a music publisher, and the various musical comedy personnel rehearsing a forthcoming production. It is inevitable (apparently) that Karl should be fascinated by Frieda Hatzfeld, a prima donna, and Sieglinde by Bruno Mahler, Frieda's playwright lover. Various jealousies and misunderstandings ensue, in the course of which the producers decide that Sieglinde is just the type to take the leading part in the forthcoming operetta. In the end, Sieglinde fails miserably, Frieda is brought back to the part (and to the arms of Bruno), and Karl and Sieglinde with old Dr. Lessing return to Edendorf saddened and disillusioned. But romance, of course, surmounts even these obstacles, and Karl and Sieglinde are brought together again.

Kern has rarely written more engratiating music than the ballads and waltzes and romantic songs which slip into these scenes as naturally as if all life moved to the touch of rhythm and melody. I have never, to my best recollection, heard an operetta of this sort in which the musical numbers, sometimes merely in snatches, sometimes complete, seemed to grow so spontaneously out of the action of the play. At times, even the spoken dialogue is in verse, with the rhythmical background of musical measure. This device is so well handled that it never seems forced or artificial. Above all, the actors are coached to speak their lines in the traditions of legitimate drama rather than operetta. There is none of the usual forcing of voices. Choruses are brought into action only at logical moments, as in the various scenes in Edendorf.

The illusion of a genuine Bavarian atmosphere is achieved not only by the naturalness of the plot development, but also by the excellent scenic settings of Joseph Urban. They are light, vibrant and colorful, and, in a few of the interior sets, realistic. To the sum total must be added the work of an excellent cast, in which Walter Slezak as Karl, Katherine Carrington as Sieglinde, and Al Shean as Lessing contribute generously. Slezak is a son of Leo Slezak, the former Metropolitan tenor. Miss Carrington was in "Face the Music" last year and before that in the "Garrick Gaieties." Al Shean is, of course, the surviving member of the once famous team of Gallagher and Shean. Reginald Werrenrath also sings, too infrequently, and Nathalie Hall, of the American Opera Company, as Frieda, and Tullio Carminati as Bruno, complete the list of outstanding members of an exceptional cast. (At the Alvin Theatre.)

Carry Nation

LIFE-STORY plays are seldom completely successful in achieving dramatic force. However, Frank McGrath has done unusually well with the eccentric and mad career of that famous self-appointed apostle of prohibition, the hatchet-wielding Carry Nation, whose doings were chronicled widely in the first decade of this century and earlier. On the whole, Mr. McGrath has managed to be deeply sympathetic (or, should we say, charitable?) in his handling of this strange creature. He lets us glimpse the insanity of her mother, who believed herself to be Queen Victoria, and the revivalist fanaticism of her father, who baptized her in a cold river when she had "received religion" at the age of eleven. He shows us also the drunken doctor, Charles Gloyd, who was Carry's first husband—a man who did not hesitate, when in his cups, to say that his wife had the face of a pig. We see, too, the pompous figure of David Nation searching for a sensible wife in Holden, Missouri, and his amazing reasons for selecting Carry.

During all these earlier scenes, Carry herself remains a powerful off-stage figure, felt and not seen. She is first introduced to us when David Nation is leading a religious meeting in Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Carry is in the congregation, back toward the audience. Nation announces the next hymn. Carry arises to say that a different hymn will be sung. David Nation tries to defend his dignity. Carry begins to sing the hymn she wants. One by one, the members of the congregation join her. At last, even David Nation is compelled to join in. A powerful personality—Carry!

The rest of the play takes her through her discovery of her "mission" (an admirable study in religious hysteria and self-delusion), her experiences in being jailed, in being whipped by a masked gang, and later in using her famous hatchet ("hatchetating," as she calls it). The play ends with her last appearance on a prohibition platform in Waterville, Tennessee, just after her false teeth had been knocked out by some defenders of a raided saloon. Nothing that I have seen or read could better re-create the hysteria and the psychological conditioning of the prohibition movement than this strangely moving patchwork. It does not ridicule. It gives ample emphasis to the real evils of the saloon which drove prohibition ahead with such impetus. But it does show how largely the excesses of the temperance movement culminated in the pathology of prohibitionism. The Carry Nation of this play is a figure to be understood, pitied and even admired, if for nothing else than her physical tenacity and conquest of fear. Her madness was a megalomania which found even the Bible prophesying her particular work. Much of the veracity and strength of the play comes from the admirable direction of Blanche Yurka. Her handling of many difficult scenes shows a rare ability which our theatre could use to more continuous advantage. A very large cast is headed by Esther Dale as the redoubtable Carry. She lacks some of the reserve force needed for the scenes of climatic action, but is excellent in those scenes which portray the ultimate humanity and weakness of this century's most unusual fanatic. Leslie Adams as the impossible David Nation also adds a distinguished portrait to a play that includes many memorable ones of the turbulent nineties. (At the Biltmore Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE IRISH LAND ANNUITIES

Dublin, Ireland.

TO the Editor: Father Ryan's articles on "The Irish Land Annuities" in your paper have interested me on account of their subject but have disappointed me in their contents. I observe that in your editorial note you explain that the reverend author's objects are not merely to outline the nature of the dispute and to define the terms but to weigh impartially the merits of the conflicting arguments. I note also that although you proclaim Father Ryan's suitability for these tasks you disclaim editorial responsibility for his conclusions. It is well, for I consider that the author has lamentably failed to give your readers a full statement of the former, and his conclusions on the latter are so obviously partial as to deceive nobody. I regret exceedingly that intelligent readers, such as I conceive yours to be, should have such an ex parte statement of the case put before them. They have been misled, and I cannot help thinking how much preferable it would have been for the author to have stated the case fairly and reasonably and have allowed your readers, out of their own intelligence, to form their own conclusions.

Historically it must be well known to your Irish readers that the land of Ireland was parcelled out to needy adventurers and soldiers of British monarchs and the Irish owners expropriated. These adventurers thus became landlords and their descendants became "absentee" landlords, that is, they lived abroad in England and drew revenues from their estates in Ireland, which were managed (or mismanaged) for them by local "agents." The cruelties and practices of the latter are well known. They have formed the theme of quite a substantial literature and they were a direct cause of so many of our race seeking new homes on your hospitable shores. Those that remained at home did not find their condition sensibly improving, and the resulting agrarian agitation was the actuating motive of the British government in framing its Land Purchase policy, whereby, as your author informs us, a great number of Irish farmers became tenant purchasers of their holdings. At the same time the movement for Irish self-government grew and took definite legislative shape in the Government of Ireland Act, 1920. In that Act the British government arranged, mainly as the result of the findings of its own Royal Commission on the overtaxation of Ireland (Childers Commission, 1894-1896) that the land annuities should form part and parcel of the Irish revenues, and as such should be payable into the Irish Exchequers, both for Northern and Southern Ireland. From the strictly legal viewpoint the "treaty" was an amendment, an enlargement of the Government of Ireland Act, which is expressly referred to in several articles of the treaty.

The British Act of Parliament (1922), giving the force of British law to the treaty, recognized that the annuities were part of the Irish revenues, for under Orders in Council made under that act these annuities were directed to be paid into the Irish Exchequer. Under these same Orders in Council it was directed without any statutory authority that these annuities should be paid into the Land Purchase Fund or Account which was the fund wherefrom the British National Debt Commissioners were paid, so that they might pay the interest on land stock. It is noteworthy that even when perpetrating this illegal act it was not questioned by the British government or anybody else that the land annuities formed part of the revenue of the Irish government.

In 1923, Mr. Cosgrave made his now notorious Secret Agreement with the British Treasury, whereby a sum equivalent to the amount of land annuities collectible in the Free State should be paid over each year to the British government out of the Irish Exchequer. It was never the practice as your contributor (page 504) implies "the annuities were handed over to the British government as fast as they were received by the Free State from the tenant purchasers." The annuities are payable by law and practice into the Free State Exchequer. What Mr. Cosgrave agreed to give the British and what the British claim under that agreement is the payment out of the Central Fund of the Irish Exchequer of a sum equivalent to the total annuities collectible, whether in fact they have been collected or not, and free of any deduction by way of income tax, or of cost of collection. This is what he hid from this country's knowledge for nine years. His agreement, and his agreement alone, is the basis of the British claim to the annuities, and the only authority cited by them in their published correspondence with the Free State government. It is accordingly Mr. Cosgrave who is on his defense before the Irish people.

I need not weary your readers by further going into this matter. Nor do I think anything is to be gained by following your contributor through the maze of his attack on the personnel of the existing government of this state, nor his laudations of the late government—both are sufficiently partizan to deprive him of any claim to impartiality in his conclusions. I can only regret that an author of some distinction, a Catholic priest, and a man of Irish extraction has lent himself to such an ex parte statement in the pages of your valuable paper.

PATRICK J. LITTLE, T.D.

A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Muncie, Ind.

TO the Editor: Permit me to commend "Another Pastor" for the attitude in his letter to THE COMMONWEAL under date of November 9. It took courage to publicly take some of the blame for the criticism some priests receive from the laity, not only in regard to sermons but in other respects, as the Pastor puts it.

Do not think for one minute that we laity want to lower the standard of the priesthood. Far from it. It is a state of life beyond reproach. But when a priest puts himself up for criticism, he must expect to have to take it just as we on the outside do. You command and demand respect but do you always merit it? Gladly will we put you on pedestals and expect and want you to remain there. We do not want to cirticize you for any movement that you might see fit to make, nor sermon that you might see fit to deliver, but you cannot expect to be of the world —even though you are in the world—and still command our utmost respect. A priestly acquaintance of mine, in a conversation, quoted a political quotation the substance of which was, the law makers are not required to or do not obey the law, he followed this with the explanation that this quotation applied to politics, but what he was trying to express to me was that I should do as he said and not as he did, which is in so many words just a bunch of hooey. Do give the laity the credit for having some minds of their own, even though at times they seem not to function. You know it was the old, old school that thought the priest incapable of any wrongdoing, and perhaps we laity too often forget that you too are human beings, and at times subject to all the temptations that we are, and perhaps even more. But we feel that you are given much choicer and greater graces to overcome these evils.

This is getting a bit off the subject in discussion, but it does

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some of us good to know that there are still some priests humble enough to admit that they themselves are at times wrong. There is nothing more to be admired than devotion displayed by priests. I have attended Mass when the priest actually slobbered over the whole ceremony, and there was no devotion about the offering. The Mass was said in nineteen minutes, to be exact, and the Mass prayers were one complete monotone of words, with no appeal nor thought given to what he was saying. Are we to admire a performance of this kind and look up without reproach to the performer? Is it any wonder that we who have been raised from childhood in the Catholic faith do stop, wonder and question as we get older, and try and use the mind God gave us?

May God give to us devout, sincere priests—priests of fire!

A LAYMAN.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: May I express to you my surprise and regret that you should print in your valuable review the letter styled, "A Layman's Plaint"? The writer's remarks about missions and mission priests were certainly not fit to print—and really constitute a gross libel on a work always helpful in parishes wherever found. I am sure the laity—and they form the bulk of your readers—will be amazed and disgusted by such lucubrations of a diseased mind.

I think also the great majority of priests do their best in the ministry of the Word, and while the writer's complaint might find a place in a review designed for the clergy, it surely has no place in THE COMMONWEAL.

EDWARD X. BURKEY.

100-PERCENT AMERICAN

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In an editorial in the October 22 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* is a message which I wish could be handed to every American this year, with a punch. Anent the present campaign to "Buy British," "Buy this" and "Buy that," the need and absolute lack of a united American spirit is very marked. The main fault, as far as I have been able to judge of Americans in their foreign relations, has been expressed by a Chinese word, now anglicized I believe, called "kowtow."

As the *Post* continues, "We have with us tonight the front-page publicists who give away a slice of the United States whenever they are invited to speak before a British audience," and those who "would wipe out the war debts in exchange for an invitation to dine with a duchess or to week-end with a lord." We are a generous people. Our generosity has led us into many mistakes. But there is always a point beyond which we cannot go, unless we are willing to lose our self-respect.

If American industries and manufactures united to "Buy American" first, it would solve to some extent the unemployment question. But more than that. It would prove that no matter how humble, plebeian or hybrid our ancestry might be, we are not ashamed therefor, but proud to stand where we do. And, finally, let us "wise-up" some of our friends who are well-known practical 100-percent Americans until royalty, the European tradition, national ancestry, et al., come into the picture. Let us respect these countries for what they have, but let us see in our humbler origins something sturdy, real and ready to be proven.

ANNA G. HARRIGAN.

A BIRTHDAY MESSAGE

Winona, Minn.

TO the Editor: I have just read the appeal in the latest number of THE COMMONWEAL, and hasten to give my moiety in support of the cause which your excellent review is so distinctively serving. There is no magazine which has done more to give intelligent and moral interpretation to the problems of current affairs than THE COMMONWEAL. I am sure there are thousands throughout America who would echo the opinion of Chesterton in regard to the paper.

In my own work, namely teaching European history, I find it of special merit for the students of contemporary history. I urge the reading of it upon them, pointing out particular articles which I know will be of interest to them.

I read with great appreciation Dr. Ryan's articles on "The Irish Land Annuities," and although so many have rushed to condemn him I have little fear but that he can hold his own in this very interesting controversy.

Be assured of my continued interest and support for all undertakings which you may launch on behalf of THE COMMONWEAL.

JOHN TRACY ELLIS.

Wilmington, Del.

TO the Editor: The Calvert Library group wishes to extend the sincerest wishes to you on the ninth birthday of your outstanding journal.

Having read with great delight the tribute paid to you by Father Martindale, we feel that there is no exaggeration in Father Martindale's letter. Above all do we admire the dignified equanimity with which you take criticism. McMaster could not do it, and even Brownson did not always do it. They lacked what Francis Thompson called the power "to think with the heart."

Above all you are keeping us in mind of the spiritual value of life, while consistently refusing to intrude upon the privacy of the great or the humble.

MOTHER MARY AGATHA, O.S.U.

THAT GOOD GAME OF GOLF

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor: In view of the fact that the game of golf has become essentially important in advancing the health of people in every walk of life, the necessity of arranging for a periodical examination of its participants who have reached the age of middle life or later (since many recent sudden demises indicate too strenuous exercise) is apparent. So the suggestion is offered for approval of the club members, or devotees of golf, that an occasional physical examination be given and limitations in exercise definitely stated.

The outdoor life is to be encouraged, as it is nature's demand in relation to health, and the reasonable enjoyment of it should be considered in accordance with physical examinations to be given occasionally or periodically.

The above suggestion for medical examination is equally applicable to persons of middle age or older, who for various reasons are unable to enjoy this game of health-giving qualities, since developments of an ailment can appear suddenly during the year, which, taken in time, can be cured or at least relief afforded for a considerable number of years. Hence the efficacy of physical examinations periodically is sufficiently important to at least be considered, if not generally made a practice of.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

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EDISON AND RELIGION

Norwood, Ohio.

TO the Editor: It was indeed with great pleasure (that sort of pleasure which is caused by the triumph of truth over error), that I read the article of Mr. O'Hagan, entitled, "Edison and Religion," which appeared in THE COMMONWEAL of October 26. Here is incontrovertible evidence that the "Old Man" was not an atheist and that he was in no way in sympathy with the cause of atheism. Certainly Mr. O'Hagan should be thanked for presenting such valuable testimony to the American public. It not only removes any doubt that might exist in our minds, but it will be of inestimable value to the future youth of America for them to know that our American Wizard was not a scoffing atheist, but a man that truly believed in the existence of a personal God.

For us who are inclined to pay special attention to the life and deeds of this great American, we are glad that the name of Edison will not go down in history, besmirched with the ignominous title of "Atheist."

THOMAS A. EDISON.

ONE CATHOLIC DAILY

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: Mr. Goulding's enthusiastic acclaim of the Springfield *Daily News* as "One Catholic Daily" brings to mind one point on which its editorial utterances are in clear and emphatic opposition to the authoritative teaching of the Church: namely, the right of the state to inflict capital punishment. It is easy to understand how a Catholic might question the expediency of punishing any crime by death, but it is quite another thing to say that the execution of the death penalty upon one proved guilty of wilful murder is a criminal act—"legalized murder." Yet that sort of stuff has appeared not infrequently on the editorial page of the *Daily News*. One might also observe that reports on foreign affairs (such as the trouble in Malta) have appeared in the news sections which were so bitterly anti-Catholic as to bear in their very composition the evidence of their untruthfulness. Mr. Goulding's commendatory notice is on the whole well deserved, but the grain of salt is needed to make it altogether fit for consumption.

VIATOR.

MORE THAN ONE DIVORCE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: I really think that one of your editors should be deputed to look after a person like W. J. Blyton, who writes in your issue of October 12: "Granted that gambling, drink, or anything else are sins—and they are. . . ." Only they are not. Gambling is not a sin. Drinking (I suppose by "drink" Mr. Blyton means drinking) is not a sin. And "anything else" means precisely nothing.

In this connection I recall a story of a man (a convert from some narrow sect) who went to confession and said, "I made a bet." "Well?" responded the priest. "I made a bet, father." "Didn't you pay the man?" Of course, gambling or drinking or "anything else" would be a sin if carried to excess, but as Mr. Blyton puts the matter, they appear to be indicated as essentially sinful—which is nonsense.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

The title page and index for Volume XVI of THE COMMONWEAL *are now ready, and will be sent upon request.*

BOOKS

Diagnosing Mars

The Causes of War, by Sir Arthur Salter and others. Publication of the World Conference for International Peace through Religion. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THE SUB-CAPTION of this pseudo-symposium of varying intellectual lights and shades indicates that the causes of war are economic, industrial, racial, religious, scientific and political. Many of us know that there are all these and more, but that the primary one—the divorce of faith and its moral code from all institutions, national and international—is paramount, though often curiously veiled.

The book is a series of conventional, somewhat unrealistic, Commission Reports on: "The Economic Causes of War," "Industrial and Labor Influence," "Racial Influences," "Religion as a Cause of War," "Science and War," "The Cultural Causes of War," "The Press and World Peace" and "The Political Causes of War." Four supplementary chapters on national monopolies, tariffs, migration and economic occasions of conflict in the Far East complete the work.

There is little reason why one should find this volume particularly interesting. Except, of course, there is the ideal of the World Conference for International Peace through Religion—which is, unfortunately, only the inspiration, not the subject-matter, of the volume at hand. It may be that a good sale of this book, as indicative of public interest in the peace movement, will be of value to the members of the committee as an incentive to persevere in their ideal.

Far from an ideal, however, is "The Causes of War." It may be that the imposing list of "rapporteurs" contains fewer "experts in these several fields" than the committee thought. Or possibly they did not see the need of any repetitions in a field already thoroughly covered by capable authors. At any rate, they have not added much that is strikingly illuminating to the present literature. Those for whom this book may serve as an introduction to the peace movement and its ideals should not consider this volume representative, but should conscientiously read some of the valuable contributions written on this theme shortly after the World War broke out, or the recent work, slender and scholarly, bearing the same title by Professor Parker T. Moon, president of the Catholic Association for International Peace.

The chapter by Alfred Zimmern on "The Cultural Causes of War" is easy to read. "Culture becomes a cause of war," he writes, "when the representatitves of a superior culture, possessing also superior power, employ that power to impose their culture upon an inferior party." This is our problem, he says. In another informative section, Sir Arthur Salter classifies the causes of the past war into four categories: religious, dynastic, political, and economic, the first two of which have diminished in importance today. The third is unimportant except in serving as a mask for the fourth. "We shall see," he asserts, "that the importance of the economic factor is likely to increase steadily, and ultimately to constitute the central problem of the peace of the world."

Some of the articles ramble with labored development over a perfectly simple distinction. Sir J. Arthur Thomson, for instance, takes five pages to say that the pursuit of science being justifiable both in itself and in its benefits to humanity, it must not be discouraged or abused because some persons put their knowledge to working mischief. Hardly a new idea, and noth-

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ing in the development to call for special consideration. We do not know just how Cain slew Abel, but it was very probably by using wrongly some perfectly respectable bit of information.

The "causes of war" as described in this volume are indeed true causes, but genuine peace cannot be effected by any formal reconciliation of religious differences, as some of the contributors aver, as long as injustice and immorality stride specter-like in the scenes of a world drama where the leading players are "sole war guilt," treatment of minorities, foreign markets, reparations, boundary settlements, racial conflicts, etc.

ELIZABETH B. SWEENEY.

The Man in the Air

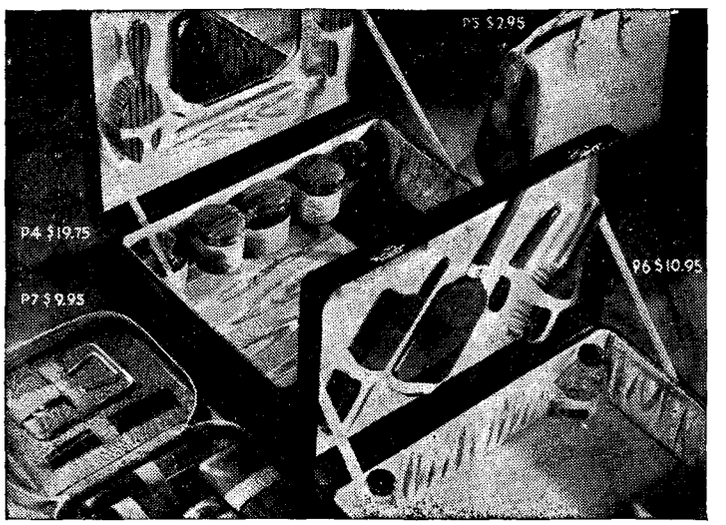
Night Flight, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry; translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

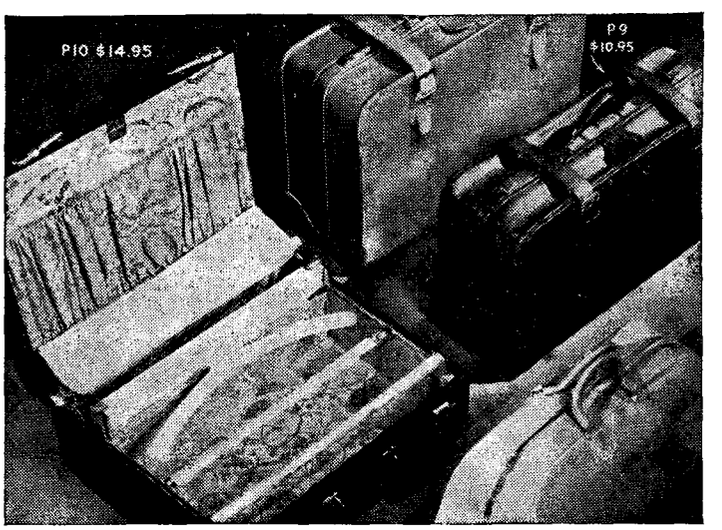
THE AIR pilot is no longer a novelty in literature. Yet it has remained for M. de Saint-Exupéry to invest aviation with Homeric dignity and write what may justly be called the first modern Odyssey of the sky. "Vol de Nuit," presented in English under the title of "Night Flight," was easily the outstanding French novel of 1931 and winner of the Femina prize. In it the basic human emotions are held in abeyance, hushed like muted strings, while a new race of Titans, supermen of the air, fight their epic battles with the unleashed elements.

The stage setting of Saint-Exupéry's drama is the length and breadth of South America. He pictures for us a vast reticulated system of night mail fliers, radiating like a Gargantuan spider-web to the coastal limits. As the volume opens, the three chief air-liners from Patagonia, Chile and Paraguay are due at the head station in Buenos Aires, where Rivière, responsible head of the whole system, keeps ceaseless watch through the dragging night hours, ever in touch by wireless, telegraph and telephone with all substations, lookout points and the planes themselves, issuing orders, checking up on the weather, sending words of encouragement and of censure. It is this Rivière who strikes the keynote of the book, serves as the author's mouthpiece, looms up as the symbol of a new dispensation, high priest of our modern machine-made age of progress. According to Rivière, there is no place for philanthropy in the strife for air conquest. Friendship, sympathy, justice itself, must give place to a new morality, relentless and implacable. If anything goes wrong, if a plane's schedule is delayed, someone must be blamed, "for if you only punish men enough, the weather itself will improve." "Am I just or unjust?" he asks. "I have no idea. All I know is that when I hit hard there are fewer accidents. . . . My power sometimes amazes me." So Rivière, though he secretly loves these men whose lives he nightly risks, blames and scolds and continues to demand the impossible, raising them despite themselves to superhuman attainment—until sooner or later nature lets loose her forces and the upper air becomes a swirling chaos.

Thus was Fabien, pilot of the luckless Patagonian airmail, caught in the outer darkness of a continent-wide storm area. Of the few outstanding duels in fiction between man and the elements, there is just one, Conrad's unforgettable "Typhoon," that is worthy of comparison with Saint-Exupéry's chapter of the doomed airship, trapped in the blind murk of a South American cyclone, "lost in a welter as of worlds in the making." For miles in all directions, his wireless operator reports the same inky

"...ONE IF BY LAND AND TWO IF BY SEA"





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NEXT WEEK

HOW MIRACLES HAPPEN, by the Reverend Russell Wilbur, while on a subject which may seem difficult to present properly in a general magazine, is no doubt of great general interest and is told in a simple manner intelligible to the layman. It advances some new ideas on this age-old topic, yet is soundly Thomistic and representative of the teachings of the Church. . . . CAPITALISTIC SOCIALISM, by William C. Murphy, jr., the well-known Washington correspondent, states that "the exigencies of the past few years have produced a new theory and practice of government, probably more fundamental than any other change in the federal set-up since the adoption of the Constitution itself." Specifically this refers to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation which uses public money to protect some citizens against loss of property and to provide some other citizens with work. The author reviews the situation not only in its immediate effects but also in the probable long-run eventualities. . . . INTERRACIAL RELATIONS, by the Reverend William M. Markoe, S.J., develops the point that "America's prevalent false philosophy of race relations is largely due not to malice, but to interracial ignorance." The writer gives much valuable information on the subject and points to the source for more, stressing that this information is essentially, and soundly, based on the supernatural principles and virtues of Jesus Christ. . . . AMERICAN MANNERS AND FRENCH PLUMBING, by Philip Boardman, is a lively tale of innocence—often provoking innocence—abroad, and of the comedies and tragedies of misunderstandings.

blackness, the same unleashed fury. And his slim reserve of gasoline will last a scant thirty minutes.

It is his hopeless struggle in "a shoreless night, leading to no anchorage," that comprises the latter half of the book. When the doomed plane makes its last spiral, soaring flight, upward out of "the dark pit which closed again beneath him . . . the pilot found a peace that passed his understanding. . . . Amid the far-flung treasure of the stars he roved, in a world where no life was, save his and his companion's. Like plunderers of fabled cities they seemed, immured in treasure-vaults whence there is no escape. Amongst these frozen jewels they were wandering, rich beyond all dreams, but doomed."

Rivière the Great grimly carries on. But for once he had been shaken by the simple words of Fabien's young bride of six weeks. "She stood for a holy thing, the world of human happiness . . . the peace which in his blindness man is apt to shatter. . . . She stood up for her happiness, and she was right. And Rivière . . . found no words to set against this woman's truth. He was discovering the truth within him, his own inhuman and unutterable truth, by a humble light, the lamplight of a little home!"

There is rare beauty in this slender book; beauty of form and phrase, of thought and purpose. The translation is smooth, sympathetic, adequate; yet something has inevitably been lost of the cadenced flow, the lyric music of the original. The difference could easily be elaborated, yet it is sufficiently indicated by the contrast between the liquid smoothness of "Vol de Nuit" and the crisp brevity of "Night Flight."

But Saint-Exupéry himself is a bold Argonaut and an instinctive poet; and this book at least is an enduring modern classic.

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

Jerusalem Doomed

Josephus, by Lion Feuchtwanger; translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

JOSEPH BEN MATTHIAS, priest of the Temple at Jerusalem, became in Rome Flavius Josephus. In that change of name lies the core of Lion Feuchtwanger's historical novel. For the Rome which the Levite espoused could never forget that he was a Jew, nor could Israel forgive his adoption of Rome. Josephus, to use the name which his "History of the Jewish War" has made famous, was himself, in these eleven years which the author covers, disrupted in character by the pull of old loyalties against what he shrewdly knew was his ultimate and greater advantage. In consequence Herr Feuchtwanger has undertaken a tremendously difficult task in this portrayal of a man who in most vital respects was as shifting as sand. He has succeeded admirably and produced an exceedingly powerful book. His "Josephus" is startling in its vivid descriptions of ancient Rome, Alexandria and Palestine; elaborate in its unraveling of the devious political stratagems of an empire first feeling the evils of legionary domination; and majestic in its unfolding of the end of a nation whose one symbol of racial integrity, the Temple, was destroyed so that not one stone was left upon a stone.

That prophecy of Christ is not mentioned in the book. Its omission points to one glaring fault. If Joseph Ben Matthias had never heard of Christ, which is against the facts in view of his own writings, no matter how controversial, certainly Lion Feuchtwanger has. Nor could one writing historically of Rome immediately after the great conflagration of Nero's

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reign excusably omit any reference to the man hunt which brought so many Christian victims to the Colosseum. Rome, if we are to believe the author, had never even heard of a Christian. A certain religious terrorism is described but this exists solely in the possibility of a pogrom against the Jews of the capital.

Josephus was primarily responsible for that fright. Most of his policies were dual-motived. In this case he came to Rome privately to advance his own ambitions—twofold, also, for he wished to make his mark as a writer and to become a political leader in Judea—and publicly to plead the cause of three political prisoners. His machinations through Nero's Empress, Poppaea, suceeded. The men were freed. Josephus prided himself on his humaneness and used it to excuse considerations of his own advantage. Beyond that he refused to recognize that Rome's concession was merely a smoke screen for its future action in Caesaria which led to the embroilment of his people in a suicidal war.

The author has impartially and artistically developed his protagonist into a man who, confused and vacillating in purpose, eventually is forced to rationalize his conduct in the light of events after they had occurred. Thus we, at length, find Josephus marching on to Jerusalem with the army of Titus. Through his instrumentation the city is doomed and the Jews more rabidly hate him than they do the invader. Probably the first war correspondent, the historian, called traitor by his own people, was never in his innermost heart sure that he was not guilty of the accusation. He consoles himself—he comes both to write the history of his nation's conquest and to save the Temple. There is fine irony in the fact that he accomplished merely one end. In this half-fulfillment he was merely repeating the pattern of his life. He could not surely serve two masters. But Titus, Princess Berenice, Herod Agrippa, Josephus—all of these were powerless to save the glory of Jerusalem which was marked for destruction by a Power which they did not comprehend.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

The Question of the Hour

Man or Money, by Michael O'Shaughnessy. Published by the author. $.60.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY was well advised when he decided to expand an address and some short articles into this brochure. Its four main divisions are: "Causes," "Reconstruction," "The Program of Reform," and "Collateral Problems." The fundamental cause of our economic demoralization is human greed, while the secondary causes are, mainly, abnormal production, speculation, and abuse of credit. The expedients adopted by the government to deal with the depression he finds ineffective, although he concedes that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has done some little good in preventing bankruptcies. As he observes, what business needs is "customers not credit." His analysis of the defects and failures of the capitalist system is penetrating but not too severe. He says that "the infinitesimal few who control money and credit constitute the invisible government in this country." Nevertheless he believes that capitalism can be adequately reformed without drastic changes, and in a reasonably short time. The primary need is the redistribution of wealth so as to place buying power in the hands of those who will make a sufficient use of it to keep our industries going.

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ciples comprise the right of the worker to continuous employment, to own property and earn a decent wage, the right of capital to a fair and reasonably sure return, and the obligation of consumers to pay sufficient prices for commodities to make the foregoing rights effectual. The legislative proposals contemplate the organization into trade associations of all industries doing an interstate business and employing over fifty men or women, in order to: insure equal partition of available work among the workers, maintain production on a profitable basis, fix maximum and minimum prices for materials and products, provide fair and stabilized wages and interest, and realize all the other rights enumerated in the foregoing principles. Each trade association would have nine directors representing in equal numbers capital, labor and the public or consumers, while the price-fixing activities would be subject to supervision by a federal agency. It will be observed that this program suggests a substantial realization of the organization of industry into occupational groups as recommended by Pope Pius XI.

At the end of the booklet the author offers a "simpler and positively effective remedy" in the form of the rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by." This, he maintains, is easily within the capacity of all our economic classes, if they will take it seriously. "The greatest of human tragedies," he observes in the second last paragraph of the publication, "is that men will not realize that if a fraction of the effort were exercised to apply the Golden Rule in their business relations that is spent in devising substitutes for it, universal happiness would prevail instead of continual injustice and misery."

This booklet is based not only upon the principles of Christian morality, but upon a competent grasp of the nature, functioning and effects of our economic system. I recommend it without reservation.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Mr. Booth

Darling of Misfortune, Edwin Booth: 1833-1893, by Richard Lockridge. New York: The Century Co. $3.50.

LIVING as we do in a world wherein there is notoriously more make-believe than is found merely in our theatres, legitimate and illegitimate, we find a peculiar fascination in the careers of those whose lives are spent entirely for and on the stage. We listen all too greedily to press agents and professional snoopers, and all too willingly endow our actors and actresses with stagey personalities and stagey lives. Humanity in front of the footlights and outside the theatre has always done so. Any honest attempt to expose the simple truth about a tragedian or comedian, for whatever entertainment or historical value it may possess, deserves our welcome.

Such a welcome may well be accorded to Mr. Lockridge's new biography of Edwin Booth, easily the best one in print. Beginning with an unfortunately cheap title and with an even more unfortunately journalistic prologue, in which he promises far more melodrama than is necessary, the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun* swiftly redeems himself by means of an unusually lucid and vivid biographical method. He presents his hero in his early struggles with his father, an intemperate ranter of the old school; in his strenuous efforts to popularize a more natural mode of acting throughout our country in the uncomfortable days of its mushroom growth. We see the actor crushed by the death of his first wife, by the frightful end of his younger brother, by financial disaster, only to win world-wide success and affection at last, through the sheer charm of a gen-

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erous nature, an attractive physique, and a genius for poetic voice and gesture. The impression left at the close of the book is that of a rich and well-spent life, in spite of its tragic and tinselled episodes.

Mr. Lockridge's style, apparently not yet fully formed, derives just a little too self-consciously from the much abused ironical method of Lytton Strachey. One could spare a few of the more obvious reminders, and a few gratuitous artifices, such as a reference to a quoted passage as one "clapsed in inverted commas." Nevertheless the book contains much genuine wit and a keen sense of pertinent fact. It fills a definite gap in the records of American art.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

American Decadence

Light in August, by William Faulkner. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Hass. $2.50.

IF IT is conceivable that a stark revelation of evil may be a catharsis for the naggings of the old man in every human creature, as classic tragedy was designed to be a catharsis for the gloomy emotions, then certainly Faulkner's work fulfils this function. One rises from such a book as this not smirking at or titillated by evil, but oppressed, suffocated, despising evil for what it is, fearing its diabolic abnormality—happy to seek what simple, homely comforts one can, or to reflect on what heroism and greatness one knows.

As for Faulkner's art, it is in its very extremity supreme among the works of modern writers of fiction in English prose. Its extremity, however, is no doubt self-isolating. That is, I have estimable friends who find Faulkner's method a thicket of words that stand impenetrably between them and the pattern of his dream. For me, on the other hand, he has the supreme genius of being able to invest even humble people and little things with a sudden, strange immediateness; they suddenly stand out in naked objectivity in the preternatural light and stillness of space-time. They have the thrilling drama of simple being that the average person is able to appreciate only at rare moments. And the sensitiveness and range of Faulkner's perceptions is amazing.

To a Catholic the book is significant as a case study of the extent to which diabolism triumphs among people who have no true religion. It shows how the Protestant idea of personal revelation and free interpretation of the fundamentals of faith, may result not only in a curious anarchy of understanding but also in megalomanias of self-righteousness. It explains those tortuous mental wanderings that lead men to mumble biblical phrases as justification for Kukluxklan night-ridings, whippings of women, shootings of defenseless people, arson, and the private expressions of the same instincts in the awful intimacies of homes that are hell-holes. Meekness, justice—in fact all the simple qualities of the beatitudes—are conspicuous not only by their absence but also by their opposites. Intellectual pride has cankered every mind both simple and complex until it has lost the faculty of communicating intelligibly with its fellows and of understanding the most rudimentary decencies, or courtesies.

The theme of this particular novel by which a mulatto is conceived to be a prey to endemic conflicts that drive him to horrible violence, is really secondary to the story of evil bred by evil not only in the central character but also in practically every character in a small, isolated community, a story of the lugubrious, savage tyrranies of evil.

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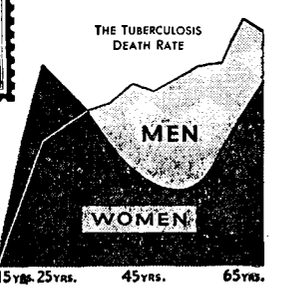

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Briefer Mention

Fired, by Karl Aloys Schenzinger; translated by Guy S. Endore. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

PERHAPS only those who have been unemployed over a long period, or those who have come immediately and sympathetically in contact with the victims of lengthy unemployment, are fully capable of appreciating the truth of this novel. Yet for such readers, "Fired" can only be an added harrowing experience. For it is the grim tale of lives blighted irreparably by the impact of circumstances brought about by economic storms, of characters mauled and twisted out of any semblance of normality, and of tragedy made more intense by the flicker of an undying hope for better days. The scene is Germany, yet even considering certain political aspects peculiar to that country, the novel has a sad universality. The author writes dispassionately and the somberness of his book increases with the faithfulness of his portraiture. There is, it is true, weakness in the ending, since he merely puts down his pen. But, after all, the miracle of work coming to the hero might have seemed here a writer's shoddy trick.

The Invasion, by Janet Lewis. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

IF MISS LEWIS, or her publisher for her, had decided what she wanted her book to be, it might have been acclaimed an excellent work. However "The Invasion" is history, biography, essay and novel crying for an order which only judicious selection could have brought. As an essayist of nature, Miss Lewis writes limpidly and beautifully—her land of the Ojibways becomes more real than characters or events. But her assumption of that rôle merely retards the progress of her story of a northern Michigan settler and his family and the development of first Indian, then British territory, into an American state. It is as a novelist that Miss Lewis fails most conspicuously, for there is no integration in the latter half of the book, and no concentration of interest. This is too bad, for the material she had at command is superlatively good and, even as it is here developed, is well worth examination.

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